FEB 1 1938

The New Statesman and Nation, January 22, 1938

H. G. WELLS Salutes BEATRICE WEBB

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XV. No. 361 (New Series) SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1938 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 105
IRISH OPPORTUNITY 108
THE FRENCH CRISIS. By Alexander Werth . . 109
MRS. WEBB'S BIRTHDAY. By H. G. Wells . . 110
A LONDON DIARY 111
THIS ENGLAND 112
CHRISTIANITY AND WHAT NEXT. By C. E. M. Joad 113
MILK 114
ROOT POLLUTION. By Sagittarius 114
"INDIGNANT." By Y. Y. 115
CORRESPONDENCE 116
From Prof. H. J. Laski; Margaret Cole; A. J. Salmon; Ruth Adam; Robert Byron; M. Abercrombie and others; V. S. Pritchett; D. W. Brogan; Solicitor; George E. MacGregor; Vincent Duncan Jones; Julian Trevelyan; Ivy Elstob.
CHRONICLES OF A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN STORE . 118
FIRMNESS, COMMODITY, DELIGHT. By Robert Byron 120
THE MOVIES. By Peter Galway 121
MUSICAL ENTERPRISE. By W. J. Turner . *Page* 122
PLAYS AND PICTURES 123
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 124
REVIEWS:
Correspondent in U.S.S.R. By Kingsley Martin 126
New Novels. By Brian Howard 128
Deserving Relatives. By Alan Pryce-Jones . . 130
The Basque Tragedy. By V. S. Pritchett . 130
The Invisible Man. By K. John 132
Victorian London. By G. W. Stonier . . 134
The Japanese God. By Freda Utley . . . 136
How Now, Pompey? By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 136
The Mysteries of the Masque. By W. J. Lawrence. 138
A German's Escape 140
Shorter Notices 140
ABOUT MOTORING. By R. E. Davidson . . . 142
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 142
CROSSWORD 145
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 146

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

CHAUTEMPS to Chautemps succeeds, but with a different team and very different prospects of living long in office. After five days of moves and countermoves, whose implications are discussed by our Paris correspondent on a later page, France has a Government composed of twenty-one Radical Ministers, with two recruits from the Right Centre. Having decided not to participate in the Government, the Socialist Party has resolved "to act in agreement with the other parties of the Front Populaire." This resolution presumably means that M. Chautemps can count on Socialist votes in the Chamber unless and until he is compelled by Big Business to tamper further with M. Blum's social legislation, or the Communists, influencing M. Blum's Left Wing, eject the new Cabinet of Caretakers from office. M. Bonnet, the real engineer of the crisis, has lost the portfolio of Minister of Finance, which devolves on a Radical Right-winger, M. Marchandeau, but his new position as Minister of State in charge of economic affairs suggests that he may exercise a reactionary (and probably soon fatal) influence in the Administration. M. Pierre Cot is significantly relegated to the unimportant Ministry of Commerce, and the Air Ministry is now held by a nominee of M. Daladier, who remains at the Ministry of War and seems likely to have an important say in Cabinet policy. The net result is a minority Government, capable of turning to the Centre and Right for support, but at present dependent precariously on the toleration of the Left. The best chance of a stable Administration for France would have been a National Government stretching, under Blum, from Reynaud to Thorez. Will that chance recur?

Japan's Dilemma

Withdrawal of "recognition" of the Chinese Government is apparently to be Japan's final substitute for a declaration of war on China. The announcement from Tokyo that the Japanese Government will have "no further dealings" with a Chinese Administration which has failed to "appreciate the true intentions of Japan" is complementary to the decision to attempt to form a series of local puppet Governments eventually to be

merged in a subservient Chinese Administration at Peking. But though there appears to be some evidence of Japanese reluctance to be drawn into wider military commitments on the mainland, "dealings" are by no means yet reciprocally terminated by Chiang Kai-Shek. Though no major battle has occurred so far this week, there are reports of important Chinese concentrations over a wide front—south of Hangchow; near Wuhu, west of Nanking; and on the Tientsin-Pukow railway. Japan is still far from being able to bring hostilities to a definite conclusion; she is unable to administer effectively the territories the road and rail communications of which she commands; and the undisciplined brutality of her troops in the Shanghai area is daily increasing Anglo-American antagonism. Her abortive attempt to negotiate a $50 million Manchurian Development loan in the United States is symptomatic of economic strain as well as of lack of comprehension of the American attitude towards her aggression.

The Bowels of Madrid

The Republican victory at Teruel has manifestly had the effect of disorganising all Franco's plans for an offensive. The preparations so widely advertised for an attack on Almeria by land and sea seem to have been abandoned. We incline to believe the rumours that his German and Italian advisers tried to dissuade him from the costly attempt to retake Teruel, for his counter-attacks were undertaken without the help of Italian infantry. These resulted in some local gains, which the troops of the Republic have since wiped out. Franco has thereupon resorted to punitive air raids on the civilian populations of Madrid, Valencia and Barcelona. The details now available of the recent explosion in the bowels of Madrid prove it to have been a serious disaster. A munition factory and dump had been established out of the reach of bombardment in a disused tunnel of the underground railway. They were blown up, apparently, by a time-fuse mechanism planted by some member of the "Fifth Column." It is said that 400 civilians were killed and a whole quarter of the city wrecked.

The New Phase in Russia

Too many traitors have been found in the Russian Communist party: the wholesale purge of party members which was threatening production and producing panic is to stop immediately and the informers who have been currying favour by indiscriminate denunciations are themselves to be punished. This new decree recalls Stalin's "giddy with success" speech which suddenly slowed down the desperate rush to compulsory collectivisation. It appears indeed to be part of Stalin's technique to allow hysteria to develop—the case of R.A.P.P. which nearly destroyed literature in the U.S.S.R., is also to the point—and then to stop it before the damage is irretrievable. In this case the extent of the hysteria can be guessed from the official decree; the thing one misses is a simple recognition of the fact established through many centuries of government and proved clearly enough in the Roman Empire, as well as in modern times, that there can be no security or freedom, whatever the economic system, when constitutional opposition is not provided for, when informing is encouraged and when the courts are not independent of State control. The first session of the new Soviet Parliament has produced some interesting discussions and the hope revives once again that gradually, out of the Government's need for general and non-party support, genuine constitutional liberties may be established in the U.S.S.R. Until that happens purges, plots and executions will continue.

Torture in India

That torture, ranging from beating to unmentionable practices, is habitually used by the Indian police is a fact generally admitted in India, but always denied in England. Will it survive the recent exposure in the High Court of Lahore? A man named Kiroo was tortured for six hours at Rawalpindi by policemen, in the presence of many witnesses, some of them white. He kept his knife and his courage, however, and finally stabbed his tormentor to death. Charged with murder, he was acquitted by the Chief Justice, Sir Douglas Young (see Mr. Polak's letter in the *Manchester Guardian* of January 14th). We have ourselves had reliable evidence of such practices, and have ourselves brought instances to the notice of the highest authorities in vain; further, we can point to an admission of their survival in a standard History of India. Such courageous judgments as this are not unusual in the higher courts, but they commonly have no effect on the administration. Nor is it likely that the truth in this case could have been established had not a white non-commissioned officer witnessed the prolonged torture of Kiroo. Will the Congress ministries in the provinces stop these police brutalities? As we read the Act they have not sufficient powers to do so.

Up the Axis

The news of the visit of Dr. Stoyadinovitch, Premier of Jugoslavia to Berlin, must be read as a conscious demonstration in support of the Rome-Berlin axis. He was received with the prodigal welcome that the Nazis know so well how to stage: significant toasts were exchanged, and he made a point of visiting military establishments, where displays of technical efficiency were arranged to impress him. He seems also to have fared well as a *Commis Voyageur* for his country's products. Coming so promptly after the unhappy visit of M. Delbos to Belgrade, the significance of this demonstration escapes no one. Jugoslavia is no longer a satellite of France: she has moved decidedly into the orbit of Rome and Berlin. Indeed, it would be no exaggeration to say that east of the Rhine and the Alps all Europe, excepting only Czechoslovakia, revolves round the "axis"—save perhaps that in Rumania the charms of Mme. Lupescu inspire a measure of double-dealing.

Competitive Naval Building

The announcement of Italy's decision to lay down two more 35,000-ton battleships in addition to the pair recently launched has been followed by a vote of the U.S. House of Representatives Appropriations Committee allocating $553 millions in the coming fiscal year for the Navy, to cover *inter alia* the construction of two battleships, two cruisers and eighteen minor war vessels. This programme is presumably to be regarded as an interim measure; the President's forthcoming Message to Congress on defence and rearmament is expected to recommend a much greater increase both of naval and air force strength. The total number of capital ships building or authorised for the

navies of the six leading naval Powers is now twenty-six (British Empire, 5; U.S.A., 6; France, 3; Germany, 5; Italy, 4; Japan, 3). Their aggregate cost will be in the neighbourhood of £250,000,000. To this total will be added the additional battleships which will be authorised in this year's British programme—a number likely to be limited only by the extent of available dock-yard accommodation. The Big Navy enthusiasts in all countries have had their way; the capital ship is still apparently considered to be the essential core of a fighting fleet. The expenditure, except perhaps in the case of Britain and the U.S.A., is calculated to play havoc with national budgets and kill hopes of betterment in social services.

Economic Decay in Germany

Every day in Germany produces fresh evidence of the serious deterioration caused by intensive rearmament and the Four Year Plan. After five years of constantly rising activity the German industrial system has reached the stage where it is in urgent need of repairs and replacement of machinery. But raw materials, labour and productive capacity are monopolised for the purposes of rearmament and autarkie. The result is illustrated by the preliminary report for 1937 of the Reich Railways. Although the traffic on the Reichsbahn has risen by 70 per cent. since 1933, rolling stock has fallen by 10 per cent. A large proportion of the trucks and carriages in service is stock recovered from the scrap-yards and hurriedly reconditioned. Instead of 2,000 kilometres of rails scheduled for replacement in 1937, only 1,200 were actually replaced, and about half of these consist of rails which have been reconditioned. Substitutes are widely used for vital parts of locomotives—steel for copper in boiler pipes, lime water as a lubricant. Altogether a sorry picture of neglect is presented; and, as distinct from other cases of dissipation of Germany's wealth by the Nazis, the bill is being presented promptly. From being models of punctuality and safety the German railways have become unpunctual, breakdowns are frequent, and the number of accidents is soaring. A trebling of the number of persons killed and injured in 1937 as compared with 1936 is a grim commentary on Nazi economic policy.

International Labour and Japan

The joint meeting of the Labour and Socialist International and the International Federation of Trade Unions, held at Brussels last week-end, sent out an emphatic call for sanctions against Japan. After calling upon the workers in all countries to institute a complete boycott of all Japanese goods, it went on to demand pressure upon all democratic Governments to institute sanctions on an official basis, preferably under League auspices with American co-operation, but failing that, individually, on the ground that failure to secure united action could not lessen the duty incumbent upon each country. The detailed measures proposed included a ban on all imports from Japan and a withdrawal of all credit facilities; an embargo on exports, particularly of oil or other war materials; and international co-ordination among the countries agreeing to apply these measures. The decisions at Brussels were taken unanimously, on British initiative; but the delegates of the smaller countries naturally did not omit to point out that their Governments could hardly be expected to take drastic measures without assurances of effective action by the greater Powers. Having been let down once, over the Abyssinian sanctions, they will not face being let down again without fuller guarantees than they asked for on the previous occasion.

The Farmers' Policy

The National Farmers' Union seems to be coming round to the view that measures will have to be taken to improve the wages and conditions of agricultural workers if a sufficient supply of labour is to be kept on the land. In the impending revision of the constitution of the Agricultural Wages Board there seems to be an improving chance of securing larger powers for the national body as against the county committees, so as to prescribe a national minimum wage, with variations only above the prescribed national rate. But the farmers still take the the line that, if agricultural wages are to be raised, the State will have to make further guarantees in their interest. They are as hostile as ever to the proposal that the producers' Marketing Boards should be made subject to any higher controlling authority, and demand a tariff on all milk products, including those from the Dominions, the yield to be used as a subsidy to the home producers. They are not at all satisfied with the vagueness of Mr. Morrison's recent declarations on agricultural policy; and are more inclined than they were to try to strike a wage bargain with the labourers' Union, in return for joint pressure in support of further subsidies.

The Church Comprehensive

The Report of the Church of England Commission on doctrine is interesting not only to practising Anglicans but to anyone with a taste for English History. Remembering the ecclesiastical *causes célèbres* of the last century, the Hampden case, the Gorham judgment, the ritualist prosecutions, one is a little surprised by the cool way in which the members of the Commission agree to differ about the most fundamental beliefs such as the Virgin Birth and the nature of the Consecrated Elements. The Church of England was intended to be comprehensive, and it is no doubt wise to make it more comprehensive now than it originally was. Even so, the divergences revealed, and, as it were, officially licensed, by this Report are rather astonishing. The Modernist and Anglo-Catholic points of view are well represented, while old-fashioned Protestantism gets rather a poor showing. At moments one feels that undue ingenuity has been used in arriving at a formula that appears to reconcile beliefs that are really irreconcilable, but the Report as a whole makes a remarkable eirenicon, and shows how far good will and careful explanations can attenuate what appear to be violent differences of opinion. (Much of the hatred for the doctrine of Transubstantiation, for instance, is due to ignorance of the exact nature of this singular doctrine.) The Church of England, once the backbone of Conservatism, has become increasingly sympathetic to the more moderate aspirations of labour. Though many of the matters dismissed in this Report will seem to the detached observer curiously remote, he must recognise in the friendly agreement to differ, which is its base, a good example of the spirit which keeps this country a successful democracy.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

IRISH OPPORTUNITY

THERE is so little to cheer us, as we look out on the wars and oppressions of the contemporary world, that the hope of a cordial settlement with Ireland has won from us all a generous welcome. Each in his own very different way, Mr. de Valera and Mr. Neville Chamberlain have a reputation for rigidity. But the atmosphere is incomparably more propitious than it was five years ago. The new constitution of Eire would have drawn from Mr. Thomas a reception vastly less tolerant than it met with from Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. Europe, in the interval, has become a continent so dangerous that no Government would now undervalue Ireland's friendship. The least imaginative can perceive that in any future war, with hydroplanes to double the menace of the submarine, a hostile Ireland would be a perpetual anxiety. With that risk in sight, the legal and financial questions that Mr. Thomas rated so high sink to their modest proportions. The illusion that the use of the fiscal bludgeon would bring the mass of the Southern electorate back to Mr. Cosgrave's party has been dissipated by experience. Ireland has survived the trade war, though she has suffered heavy losses, but British trade has also seen a market dwindle which it may never entirely recover. The Empire that itself defaulted on its obligation to America cannot with self-respect allow the quarrel over Land Annuities to poison for ever its relations with its Irish debtor.

The main difficulty in this conference was that the two parties approached the outstanding issues with widely differing values. Both, we may be sure, would welcome an expansion of mutual trade. Both, for somewhat different reasons, would wish to reach a friendly and honourable arrangement over defence. The question of the Land Annuities is for both chiefly a matter of prestige. But few Englishmen realise that for Mr. de Valera the issue that takes precedence of all others is partition. So long as Ireland is broken into two parts that have no link save the bitter memory of mutual antagonism, there will be no complete reconciliation between Eire and the British Commonwealth. Irish Nationalism, if it lived only on the history of past wrongs, would mellow into a kindly patriotism with the lapse of time. But the disappointment of this partition provides it still with an objective while the discontent of the big Catholic minority under Orange rule lends to it still a tinge of militancy. It is common ground to us all that no British Government can force a federal tie upon these two against the will of Ulster, nor would Mr. de Valera himself make any request so fatal to the future of Irish unity. But this need not mean that the British Government must play a wholly passive and negative part. It can say without offence that it would regard union as the natural and happy solution, whenever Ulster is ready to consider it. It can use its influence—as it does on behalf of the Germans in Czechoslovakia—to ease the lot of the Catholics in Ulster.

Can it do more at this stage? The question would be easier to answer if we knew what exactly are the interim steps that Mr. de Valera proposes towards union. The plan attributed to him is that Ulster, while retaining her political individuality, should enter into a direct relationship with Eire for purposes of trade and defence. Lord Craigavon's too dramatic retort in the shape of a "snatch" election may destroy this sensible proposal before it can be calmly considered. We should have supposed that Ulster had much to gain from a friendly fiscal arrangement. The suggestion as to defence may also deserve consideration. For military purposes all Ireland is the natural geographical unit. Mr. de Valera at present submits only under protest to the Treaty arrangements that place four Irish harbours and an aerodrome under the British navy. We gather that in return for some first steps towards Irish unity, he offers the wholehearted collaboration of Eire in the common work of defence. Without more knowledge of the details of his plan, it would be rash to hazard an opinion. It is obvious, however, that a plan of defence operated without a sense of grievance by a reconciled Eire would promise more for our common safety than any scheme imposed upon a reluctant nation. In this overture, whatever be its details, there is a suggestion of imaginative statesmanship to which Downing Street, if it were wise, would make some positive response, however cautious. If Mr. Chamberlain's remarks at the opening session of the Conference reflect his final view, this may be a vain hope. That Conservatives feel a tie of loyalty towards their comrades in Northern Ireland is inevitable and proper, but this ought to be subordinated to their wider obligations towards the Commonwealth. It is an unfortunate complication that party and class interests may dictate the retention at Westminster of the solidly Conservative Ulster contingent.

In spite of this negative attitude over partition, we may congratulate ourselves that the Conference has run smoothly, without a decision but also without a deadlock. It was a preliminary exploration of the whole field, which has ended normally in a reference of some of the issues to expert examination. Partition is not one of them, but it may lurk under the rubric of "defence." On that subject it would surprise us if Mr. de Valera can concede much without some success, however tentative, over what is for him and for Irish sentiment the major issue of reunion. He is a shrewd tactician, and while it would suit him best to face his electorate with a positive achievement, the next best course might be to play on the resentment that would follow a heavy failure. That ought not to happen, and will not happen if the British Government reflects the general sense of the country. The problem over Land Annuities is, we take it, to find a way of closing a fruitless controversy without undue damage to the prestige of either side. On the legal merits of an extremely intricate question we have no fixed opinion of our own. But we have explored it far enough to realise that sober legal opinion is sharply divided and that Mr. de Valera has an arguable case. It would have been wiser, five years ago, to accept his offer to refer the dispute to impartial arbitration, even if that meant that one of the arbiters must be a subject of a foreign Power. The substantial issue is, of course, whether a Dominion is in effect an independent State. If neither side is ready, even now, to yield on this issue of sovereignty, then the only statesmanlike course is to wipe out this debt. If that were done, however, it would be reasonable to expect from Eire some substantial concession to British interests, either in the field of defence or in that of trade. The sum involved, £5,000,000 a year, is not a negligible

amount. But if a reconciliation can be effected by surrendering a claim that may be doubtful at law, we should gain in safety and goodwill much more than we should lose. It is as certain as anything can be in politics that Eire will never, unless the judgment of an independent court goes against her, admit this claim. The debt can be collected only by methods that have proved injurious in a high degree to British trade. Thanks to the blustering folly of Mr. Thomas, it is doubtful whether British exports can ever recover to the full their old position in the Irish market. Infant Irish industries, fostered by high protection, have now to be considered. But to wean even one little country from the pursuit of self-sufficiency would be a notable success for economic sanity. So much, we do not doubt, Mr. Chamberlain understands and would gladly bring about. But no Irish question ever was, or ever will be capable of solution on economic lines alone. Mr. Balfour tried it with his beneficent plans for the congested districts and Mr. Wyndham with his bold Land Purchase scheme. They were not enough—so evidently not enough, that they achieved exactly nothing. To-day, once again, well-meaning Conservative Ministers have their opportunity. It will as usual escape them, unless they can combine political insight with economic good sense.

THE FRENCH CRISIS

As I write, we are still in the middle of the Government crisis. Five days of it already, and how many more to come? Outwardly Paris looks completely unperturbed. Last night I saw a queue outside the Grand Opera going to hear *Don Giovanni*. To a journalist it was an unreal, an incongruous sight; and yet, why not? The country is watching the crisis with intense interest, but without passion. It is an unnecessary crisis, but since it has come, a useful one. For stocktaking it has been almost as useful as a general election. And it has burst a few bubbles—the Bonnet bubble, for instance; and it has enhanced some reputations—for instance Chautemps's reputation for political acrobatics. For it *was* an unnecessary crisis. The Chautemps Government could have stayed in office for a good long time but for Bonnet's ambitions, which were encouraged by Big Business, and for Chautemps's extraordinary behaviour, the real motives of which are still a little obscure. He clearly brought down his own Government by telling the Communists to clear out of the Government majority, but what was he hoping for as a result? Chautemps has been a disappointment. His idea of calling a Second Matignon Conference—an industrial "peace conference"—was excellent. There had been some labour unrest since the middle of December. The labour legislation of 1936 was not working smoothly, and needed adjustment. The compulsory arbitration law was being violated by the employers; in 43 cases out of 53 where the arbitral award was ignored the employers were responsible; Chautemps himself said so. The new "labour code" Chautemps was asking the employers and the trade unions to agree on would have introduced a sanctions clause into the compulsory arbitration law; it would have placed restrictions on the arbitrary dismissal or victimisation of union labour, and would have afforded some protection to the hated shop steward; it would have restricted the number of strikes by making them dependent on a secret ballot among all the workers concerned, a sound measure against "agitators"; and the thorny problem of the stay-in strikes would have been settled by the universal rule of "neutralising" factories where a strike had broken out—a measure preventing the use of blackleg labour. These were the main points of the "labour code" Chautemps wanted the employers and the trade unions to approve before submitting it to Parliament. He wanted such a preliminary agreement as, without it, the Senate would have created difficulties. But Big Business saw its chance. Whereas the C.G.T. and the small employers accepted Chautemps's invitation unconditionally, the C.G.P.F., the big employers' federation, refused to attend the Matignon Conference. They did not want any "structural reforms," they said. And their refusal was accompanied by a sudden, sharp attack on the franc—an attack for which there was no immediate economic or financial reason. Even Bonnet was telling everybody how excellent the position of the Treasury was: seven milliards in hand, and what not. But the French investor is a nervous creature; and once the franc gets a terrific kick—which the big employers gave it—the small investor can be depended upon to join in the kicking. And so, without any apparent reason, we were, by last Tuesday, in the middle of a financial panic.

Big Business was determined to bring down the Chautemps Government. It had two reasons for doing so. Although it had faith in the "wisdom" of the Senate, it did not like anything further to be done about the Labour Code. One never could tell—for what if the Chamber were to pass it by an overwhelming majority, and if there were an outcry in the country against the Senate's resistance? The Senate might have to yield.

There was another reason why Big Business, and the Right in general, wanted to see the Chautemps Government go. They did not like the Socialist Dormoy at the Ministry of the Interior. The Cagoulard case was, thanks to Dormoy's perseverance, taking on tremendous proportions. The Cagoulards—now known by the less funny name of C.S.A.R.—were shown to have been responsible (as, incidentally, I anticipated in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of November 27th) for the bomb explosions in the Rue Presbourg on September 11th, and also for the murder of the Rosselli brothers. The man who confessed to having blown up the big employers' headquarters in the Rue Presbourg—a nicely staged "Communist outrage"—was an employee of the Michelin works. "*Don de Michelin**.—*Merci!*" the *Canard Enchaîné* wrote. It was all very awkward for the *grand patronat*, and perhaps worse than awkward. M. Dormoy was discovering more and more arms dumps every day, and if it was clear that certain elements of the *grand patronat* had a great deal to do with it, it was equally certain that Germany and Italy and Franco Spain had all ten fingers in the pie. Most of the material in the arms dumps came from these three countries. No French Fascist—however wild—would have had any direct reason for murdering the Rossellis; but the Italian Fascists had certainly some excellent reasons for doing it. The Cagoulards were there to do the job: the "Fascist International" was working very well. And the Rue de Presbourg affair was a good demonstration of the Cagoulards in action; in the midst of a difficult international crisis it was necessary to create something of a panic in Paris; to upset the nerve of the French Government which, for once, was preparing to take a stronger line over Spain; or so at least the Italians thought. The bomb outrage did not have very much effect; but it promised bigger demonstrations of the same kind for the future.

I shall not mention the foreign "directors" of the Cagoulard business, but a few names have been freely cited in French Government quarters. Even certain very high personalities in the Republic thought that M. Dormoy was driving the joke a little too far. Of course, they disapproved of the *cagoule*, but they had their own ideas on the future of Franco-Italian relations. *Il ne faut pas trop insister*, they thought. Altogether, the Right felt that there was no hope of hushing up the Cagoulard affair so long as a Socialist was running the police.

So this was another thing that precipitated the fall of the Chautemps Government—or rather its suicide. Under the

* The words written on road signs put up for advertising purposes by the Michelin tyre works.

pressure of Bonnet, Chautemps was determined to kill his Government. He thought that so long as it remained in office, the political pressure on the franc would continue. And he was willing to give way to the *grand patronat*. He made an outrageous speech in which he attacked the working class for all that had happened; and demanded from the Chamber an explicit rejection of exchange control. It was a terrible lot to ask the Socialists to swallow. They swallowed it none the less; for they wanted, among other things, to preserve the Front Populaire, and to leave Dormoy at the Interior. Chautemps was surprised by so much tolerance; and then, at five in the morning, he made his last attempt to kill his Government, and, at the same time, to kill the Front Populaire by telling the Communists that they could get out. After this remark the Government could no longer be regarded as "Front Populaire," and the Socialists resigned. No doubt, the Communist's speech which provoked Chautemps's fatal remark was rather stiff; but the Premier would not have taken advantage of it unless he had wanted to.

I shall mention only briefly the two days during which Bonnet tried to pose as "the saviour of the franc." Nobody took him seriously, not even his own Radical party. Bonnet, who had constantly conspired against the Chautemps Government (though a member of it) in the hope of succeeding Chautemps, personified the reaction against the Front Populaire. The Socialists damned him from the start, and the Radicals were unwilling to break up the Front Populaire, or at least their association with the Socialists *pour le beau nez de M. Bonnet*, as somebody put it. Only 32 Radicals out of 118 asked Bonnet to persevere in his Cabinet-making. So he gave it up. He will have the consolation of having been for two days Prime Minister Designate.

What happened afterwards was much more interesting. Blum proposed to form a National Government around the Front Populaire, "from Reynaud to Thorez." Aware of the gravity of the international situation, he felt that such a National Government would create a tremendous impression abroad. He also wanted to show that, in an emergency, a "National Government" could be a predominantly Left Government, and not necessarily (as 1926 and 1934 had taught people to believe) a Government run by the Right. He wanted to include in it the Centre and the Communists. The Communists were delighted with the idea. But the Centre did not want to go in without the Right, and the Radicals—so at least Blum understood—had qualms about bringing in the Communists. *Opportuniser les Communistes*, Blum thought, was better than turning them out of the Government majority, as Chautemps had done. No doubt it would have strengthened "anti-Stalinite" tendencies among the working class, but that was the Communists' lookout, and they did not seem to mind. I do not think Blum believed in the success of his scheme; but he wanted to launch an idea, to be taken up in an emergency some time later. And the idea was certainly popular in the country, and may yet produce something interesting before long.

The next phase was less spectacular; with Chautemps's attempt to form the next Government we were dropped straight back into old wire-pulling politics. Chautemps had broken with the Communists, and whether the breach was final or not was uncertain. The Communists claimed a share in the Cabinet, and Chautemps would not hear of it. (He had, among other things, been impressed by Flandin's propaganda which consisted in saying that England would be horrified by the presence of Communists in the French Government, and also that England "would not tolerate exchange control or anything like it.") Chautemps even went further and asked that the Socialists should enter his Government "regardless of the Communist attitude." This was a lot for the Socialist National Council, which met on Monday night, to swallow, and they rejected participation, in spite of Blum's apparent willingness to accept Chautemps's terms. Even the sudden attack the Communists made on Blum that night failed to turn the Socialist rank and file anti-Communist. The Communists blamed Blum for not having persevered in his Cabinet-making, and, worse still, accused him of having misrepresented the attitude of the Radicals which (the Communists claimed), had not been by any means as unfavourable to their entry into the Cabinet as Blum pretended. Blum objected to these reflections on "his honour as a public man and a private man," and it was altogether very unpleasant.

And now Chautemps is trying to build up a Cabinet without Socialist participation, but only with Socialist support. Internationally, such a minority Government would be remarkably unimpressive. But we are not out of the wood yet. On the face of it, Chautemps has shattered the Front Populaire; and yet, the reactions of the whole Left to Bonnet, the favourable impression created in the country by Blum's plan for a "National Government around the Front Populaire," and certain other things that happened during this crisis suggest that the Front Populaire idea is stronger to-day than it was six months ago. The Cagoulards have played their part in this. If only the Radical leaders—more than the Radical rank and file—could get over their anti-Red superstitions, and realise that the Communists cannot be left out in the cold for ever. Even Kerillis is more realistic—"terrible people, these Communists," he wrote on Monday, "and yet, if France is faced with a war, and has a National Government, how can such a Government possibly afford to exclude the Communists, and to have the working class of Paris against it?"

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, January 18th.

MRS. WEBB'S BIRTHDAY

MANY happy returns to Beatrice Webb. What good friends we have always been and how ungraciously have I not treated her—when occasion arose! I would do it all over again if only we could have our time over again. She was magnificently opinionated and overbearing. At times there was no standing against her without behaving roughly. And never have I known her bear malice against me or anyone, however rude our retorts to her. She stands up in my memory as the animating soul of Fabianism; flushed, bright-eyed, incessant, with an aquiline pounce on a fresh idea and a quick feminine response to a new personality or a new situation. I cannot imagine what the Fabian Society would have been without her. Just like any other old society, I suppose, and dead long ago.

A birthday card is not the place for the discussion of Socialist history or ideology. I have written elsewhere and in fact several times over, to suggest just how much righter I was than the Webbs in our disputatious past, but one of the greatest of her inspirations seems to me to grow brighter as we recede from it. This is her clear apprehension of the need of social mixing and elucidation, if a real and efficient reconstruction of political and economic life is to be brought about. She has always been the natural antagonist of any form of hole-and-corner, Little Bethel class-war Socialism. Every sort of capacity and training she knew by instinct has to be invoked for the great creative task of readapting the world to power machinery and the new scale of life. Throughout the best years of my life, from the day when the Webbs appeared upon bicycles at Sandgate resolved to rope me into their movement because I had written *Anticipations*, they were the most educational and invigorating of friends. I and my wife used to go to the most astounding lunches and dinners in Grosvenor Road, and there we would discover all sorts of ambitious, expressive or influential persons being vigorously triturated and polished together. You might meet Arthur Balfour, Haldane, Grey, the Shaws, you might find yourself talking to the bright and promising Bishop of Southwark, Cosmo Gordon Lang, who was supposed in those days to have a leftward liberal slant, or to a prison governor or a leading physician or any sort of civil servant, or a great newspaper editor or any intelligent political theorist. All was grist that came to that opinion-grinding mill. There was no quality of lion-hunting

about it. People came to talk and hear, nobody was "on show" and there were the frankest statements and the liveliest indiscretions. The talk went all about the table; our bright alert hostess saw to that. And out of Grosvenor Road grew such collaterals as that strange Coefficient Club in which Bertrand Russell and Henry Newbolt, Carlyon Bellairs and Amery, Birchenough, Milner, Haldane and Leo Maxse argued in amity together. Are there such gatherings now? It is a Happy Returns beyond hoping that there should be another Beatrice Webb.

What a lot of vital things she has done in her life! Quite apart from her immensely laborious collaborations. I will say nothing of the founding of the London School of Economics here. I will not attempt to estimate her full share in the mental history of my time. She was, for example, the mother of *The New Statesman*—one of her incidental products. I will merely glance at her adorably absurd austerity in eating and drinking and most of the normal human indulgences. She braced up. The feasts at Grosvenor Road were pure feasts of reason. They would have horrified Boulestin. But even when Beatrice Webb chose to be absurdly hard and austere, she was nobly absurd. She remained and remains by nature and necessity a great lady: when I come to think it over, perhaps the greatest lady I have known. But this is not a panegyric; it is just a salutation. My warmest most affectionate greetings to her, and may she still have many happy birthdays to come.

H. G. WELLS

A LONDON DIARY

IN company with two friends I spent one evening last week in Holloway Prison. At one stage one of my companions turned and whispered to me: "This is a *charming* place." Odd that the word should not seem incongruous. Any place in which people have lost their liberty must, you will say, be hideous. Well, I tell you that the psychological atmosphere of Holloway is not hideous! At times it reminded me of Bolshevo, the model G.P.U. camp outside Moscow. There are all sorts of things that should be changed; the prisoners in Holloway ought to be housed in the country and there are plenty of criticisms to make about prison food and about the prison system in general. But the fact remains that these women were on happy terms—in many cases terms of friendship—with the Governor, Deputy Governor and hospital matron of Holloway; they showed you their embroidery, they sold you the crocodile-skin bags, the baby clothes and the pottery they were making with the pride of stall-holders at an art exhibition. A small, but I thought very significant, incident was when a long-term prisoner, who had been showing us some of the articles for sale, was so far unconscious of prison status that she pushed a parcel into my hand to deliver to someone else, brusquely instructing me to "mind, don't you crush it now!" I suppose there are silly people, who, hearing the wireless on in one part of Holloway, seeing classes of many descriptions at work and listening to a class of prisoners learning to sing Old English ballads, would say something about prisoners being "pampered." What a pity it is that this business of prison reform has ever become mixed up with "humanitarianism"! The answer is that this is the efficient way of running prisons. That whereas there used to be only a few years ago constant "smashing up" at Holloway, it is to-day practically unknown. Oddly enough, if you give people nothing to do and keep them locked up alone in hideous surroundings they will work off their hatred and their frustrated energy in violence, while if you treat prisoners as human beings they are more likely to behave as human beings. I am told that the experiment of paying wages in prison has already resulted in an actual saving of money in some prisons because prisoners who have the chance of working don't go sick, thus making it possible to reduce the hospital staff!

One of the most bizarre opinions expressed in the course of the bizarre correspondence which Prof. Hogben started in this journal is that painting is somehow an out-of-date art, only interesting to a few thousand people who can see it, not in any way part of that cultural inheritance which the writers are anxious to preserve from the menace of Fascism. One correspondent complained of readers "reading about what they never can see—except perhaps in bad reproductions, in a very few instances." This is Victorian ignorance. The spread of artistic appreciation, like the spread of good and cheap books, is a sign of the growing cultural interest both among the middle and the working class. One of the ways in which this shows itself is in the sale of good cheap reproductions of pictures. Take the recent experience of one publishing firm I happened to hear of in this matter. Messrs. Allen and Unwin published before Christmas volumes of admirable reproductions at 10*s.* 6*d.* and 7*s.* 6*d.* In the ten days before Christmas they sold 30 tons of three books—the Impressionists, Cézanne and Van Gogh (of whom two compelete editions were sold). The old masters Botticelli and Rembrandt sold almost as well. Why? Because the price of good reproductions had come within the middle-class purse.

* * *

And this is purely a bourgeois "escapist" taste? On the contrary. Those who think so should consult Mr. W. E. Williams, of the British Institute of Adult Education and the editor of *Highway*. Prof. Hogben will forgive my quoting Mr. Williams because he devoted a special issue to the scientific subject of Malnutrition. Mr. Williams' story is most interesting. For some years now he has arranged for travelling exhibitions of valuable pictures (usually lent by private owners) to be shown in provincial towns where there are usually no pictures. No extraneous inducements are offered to the working-class public to go to these exhibitions. The results are surprising. One of them is the starting of art clubs, in which people try to learn to paint for themselves—just as Victor Gollancz told us at Sunday's "rally" at the Albert Hall that one of the results of the Left Book Club had been to form live societies of all kinds, e.g., dramatic societies in which people try to act. Another is the gradual discovery by workers who have never had a chance before to look at pictures that this is a pleasure that can be enjoyed by plain, cheaply educated people. During these exhibitions thousands of people have been, some to listen to lectures on the pictures, some just to look, at places as different as Harlech, Canterbury, Sawston, Swindon and Accrington. Mr. Williams writes to me:

> We are seasoned and cynical educationists, but even we have been brought to a pitch of enthusiasm by the success of this particular venture. I am convinced that there is a most active and earnest demand from working people.

Is there not, I wonder, something a little snobbish about some of our anti-Fascist scientific folk who think art a form of middle-class escapism?

* * *

A frank "Nazi catechism" is published in the December issue of the *Aufbruch*, one of the illegal Austro-Nazi organs most of which are smuggled in from Germany. This catechism says frankly that Herr Hitler does not desire the struggle against Dr. Schuschnigg to be abandoned and that he sees in the July agreement only a stepping stone to the Anschluss. Here are some of the questions and answers:—

> Query: Does the Führer desire that our struggle should cease in view of the July agreement?
>
> Answer: Certainly not.
>
> Query: Has the Führer any interest that peace and order should prevail under Schuschnigg's knout?
>
> Answer: Not the slightest.
>
> Query: Shall we don kid gloves and regard Schuschnigg as an honorable person, and express our loyalty to him?
>
> Answer: No. Until every trace of him and his system has vanished, every word spoken about Austria's German missions is merely bitter irony.
>
> Query: Does eleventh July mean final peace between the two German states?
>
> Answer: Never. There is only one German state, the Reich.
>
> Query: Then why did the Führer make the 1936 Agreement?

Answer: To promote Germany's interests and those of the Austrian Nazi movement. The Führer expects National Socialism in Austria to secure of its own volition the unalterable goal he has set before it—liberation and the Anschluss.

Loyal Austrians suggest that if this declaration of Germany's intention to annex Austria does not represent Hitler's policy, it should be disowned by some authoritative statement from the Reich.

* * *

Social reformers sometimes achieve incongruous results. A renegade Scot of my acquaintance, who has returned to his native land after some years of temporarily profitable sojourning in the tents of the Sassenach, writes to tell me of a discovery which he has joyfully made in the matter of Scottish licensing law. He has found, it seems, an inn-keeper who formerly eked out a penurious existence by providing meals and beds for passing travellers. Though his inn lay on a main road, there was no adjacent village and, therefore, little of that "bar trade" that puts *hôteliers* into the sur-tax paying class. But lo! A Puritan miracle wrought a transformation. The area in which the inn lay voted itself "dry" under local option. All the public houses in the district were closed; but the inn, by virtue of its past functions as provider of beds and meals, remained open. The only change was that its proprietor, who held what is technically known as an hotel licence, no longer was assigned "permitted hours" in which to dispense alcoholic drinks. That is to say, he became automatically subject to the conditions which apply to all hotels in Scotland on Sunday: no drinks could be served to "locals" (whose number in this instance was zero) but alcoholic refreshment in "reasonable quantity" could be served, every day in the week and at any hour in the twenty-four, to bona fide travellers resident not less than three (or it may be five) miles away. News flies fast. Thirsty citizens owning motor cars within a hundred miles' radius soon learned of this left-handed gift from the Providence that shapes sumptuary laws. To-day the car-park of this oasis in a dry desert is enlarged beyond recognition; corks pop from the rising of the sun to the setting of the moon; mine host requires a chartered accountant to deal with his income-tax return. All of which delights my friend, who misquotes Ovid: "*Deteriora probo.*" But the ghost of Johnny Knox must have ill walking in those parts.

* * *

I take this bouquet from a new thriller *W.1* by Paul McGuire:

"I went into the smoking-room and tucked myself in a corner. I spread the *New Statesman* before me. Club bores always avoid a man with the *New Statesman*. His reactions are incalculable."

* * *

I am glad to see that the pick of Scottish learning and science is supporting Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell in his bid for election in the Scottish University seat. I say this not only because Sir Peter is one of the most admirable and delightful of men, the most humane of scientists, the truest of democrats and the most tolerant of the really opiniated people of my acquaintance. I say it because he represents something individual and valuable—the sort of person who should represent a University seat and who would never get in or try to get in on a party ticket in an ordinary constituency. His most serious opponent is Sir John Anderson, who has left off governing Indians and retired to become a Director of Vickers and of the Midland Bank. These are no doubt very proper eminences for Sir John to stand on; but if the Government want also to give him a Parliamentary seat in which to fill in his spare time, they could easily find him an ordinary party nomination and leave the University seat for a man who has not a party mind or a party organisation behind him.

* * *

I see that orders have been given in Rome that Italian school children who are to be provided with lunch at school in future, have a prescribed grace which must be said before they sit down to eat:

Duce, I thank you for what you are giving me to make me grow up healthy and strong. O Lord, protect the Duce so that he may be long preserved for Fascist Italy.

Reuter's correspondent adds that all but the poorest children will have to pay for the meal though some peasant families are allowed to contribute vegetables or fruit instead of cash. This happy trick of deifying Mussolini and remembering God as an afterthought explains one of the underground stories current in Italy. Father tells little girl she must always say after breakfast, "Thank God and Mussolini for my nice breakfast." "Must I, daddy? And after dinner 'Thank God and Mussolini for my nice dinner?'" "Yes, dear, and after supper, too." "And what do I say when Mussolini is dead, daddy?" "Oh then, dear, you say, Thank God."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Catherine Stonham.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Widow of distinguished sportsman will present collection Indian horns to unemployment centre for hall, or where appreciated.—Personal Column in *The Times*.

They had interesting discussions, which broadened the mind, and anybody who believed in "my country right or wrong," was welcome. —*Midland Daily Telegraph*.

It was high time agnostics like H. G. Wells were put in their place. But whereas Mr. Wells was without hope because he had no God, in Earl Baldwin they had a man who believed in God and in the future of mankind.—*Western Mail and South Wales News*.

Quick-results Psychaloid magnetic trumpets make immediate results possible. Medium writes: "Sat seven years, trumpet never levitated. First night we used your trumpet it was levitated across room in red light." Plain, 5*s*. 6*d*. Luminous, 7*s*. 6*d*. (Abroad, 1*s*. extra).—Advt. in *Psychic News*.

May I, through your valuable *Cycling*, ask Clubmen identified with the Oxford Group if they would kindly communicate with me. My vision is Christian Revolution through cycling to build a New England and a New World.—Letter in *Cycling*.

In the divorce action the pursuer, a woman, apparently masqueraded as another woman and spent the night with her husband in a hotel in Glasgow. Subsequently this other woman started proceedings against her husband on the ground of his misconduct with an unknown woman in the hotel in Glasgow on that night.—*Belfast Telegraph*.

LOWESTOFT HEALTH—THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

But of what avail are the most magnificent entertainments, superb outdoor sports and excellent accommodation if one has not the vitality wherewith to appreciate them?

It is perhaps in this direction that Lowestoft excels over all the seaside resorts in this country, for the extreme enervating quality of the air imparts a new energy to the visitor to its shores which makes one involuntarily exclaim "How good it is to be alive!"—Official Handbook to Lowestoft.

During the past months, owing to the intensive propagation campaign, the Labour Party's membership has increased.—*Hornchurch News*.

Referring to the scheme for domestic help in maternity cases, Alderman Stenson thought the scheme would drive away the spirit of public charity. The money would come out of the pockets of the ratepayers and they would be doing away with the spirit of self-reliance. The same remarks applied to the question of dental treatment for expectant and nursing mothers. "In such cases," observed the Alderman, amidst laughter, "it is the man that has the toothache. They should start on the man first."—*Loughborough Echo*.

CHRISTIANITY AND WHAT NEXT—I.

AN annual return is prepared showing the number of those attending Sunday schools in the Protestant churches of England and Wales. In 1906 the Anglican and Free churches could claim 6,455,719 scholars; in 1928 the number had shrunk to 4,748,872—a loss of over 1½ million; and in 1936 to 3,788,257.

In the early years of the twentieth century there were some 21,000 clergymen of all ranks at work in England. In order to maintain that number, it was estimated that 650 new men must be recruited every year. In the 10 years 1907–1916 the average number annually ordained was 624; in the 10 years 1917–1926 it had fallen to 306. As a result, the present (1936) staff of the Church of England is 12,680; in other words, it has been nearly halved since the beginning of the century. In an address delivered in the autumn of 1937 Bishop Barnes lamented that "no Church can get an adequate supply of men of the right type to enter its ministry." "In our secondary and elementary schools," he went on, "the number of teachers of either sex able and willing to give religious instruction is diminishing." If the present rate of decrease is maintained, it looks as if in fifty years' time clergymen in England and Wales will have become an extinct species.

As with the shepherds so with the flock, although precise figures of the flock are not always easy to obtain. A few years ago, however, a curious enquirer made a comparison between records of church and chapel attendances in a typical London area with a population of over 80,000, at three different periods during the last sixty years. They show that in 1886–7 the total number of persons attending was 12,996, and the average attendance at 44 services was 295. In 1902–3 the total was 10,370, and the average at 56 services was 184. In 1927 the total was only 3,960, and the average at 62 services was 63. It is interesting to note that, as the numbers of the congregations have gone down, the number of the services has gone up.

To supplement from personal observation, I have recently attended two Sunday morning services, one at a city, one at a village church. At the city church the congregation numbered between 50 and 60; the proportion of old persons was very high, and for every man there were five women. At the country church there was a congregation of four persons including myself. As regards the old, these are survivors from a generation when church-going formed part of the social life of the people. The young have no such tradition, and do not, therefore, attend church. Thus the army of the Church Militant is in the unhappy position of suffering wastage without attracting recruits. As regards the predominance of women, this is not, I imagine, new, although it grows yearly more marked.

The causes of the decline are numerous and deep-seated and cannot be discussed here. Some light is, however, thrown upon them by a work recently published by the Student Christian Movement, entitled *What Has Christianity to Say?** The author is Canon F. R. Barry, Chaplain to H.M. the King, Canon of Westminster and Rector of a well-known West End church. Canon Barry is also a member of the Commission on Christian Doctrine, appointed in 1922 by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. The Canon's credentials for telling us what Christianity in the shape of the Anglican Church has to say are, therefore, excellent. He begins by frankly admitting the parlous plight of Christianity in the modern world. "The world which now confronts Christianity," he writes, "and within which it must vindicate its claims is repudiating its most fundamental principles. Christians are once more a small minority in a world in which their maxims are discredited, and in which their whole attitude to life seems not merely incredible but treasonable." "The religion of Christ is fighting for its life," he continues, "and the odds against it seem overwhelming." The chief enemies of Christianity are, he thinks, the new pagan creeds of Fascism and Communism, which regard the individual not as a soul to be saved, but as a drop of blood in an ocean of racial purity, as a cog in a proletarian machine, or as an ant in a human termitary. Regard him, in other words, not as an end in himself, but as a means to the achievement of the ends of the organisation to which he belongs. It is not, Canon Barry maintains, Communism which confronts Fascism across the trenches which to-day run athwart Europe, but Christianity which confronts them both. "In the real conflict, Fascism and Communism, despite their furious internecine hatreds, are together on one side of the line and the Christian tradition on the other." "It is the constructive alternative to both of them, and the one live option in the coming age, if it is to be built in truth, peace and freedom."

What, then, is this "constructive alternative"? What, in fact, has Christianity to say? So far as the cosmos is concerned, what Christianity has to say is presumably to be found in the report of the Anglican Commission on Christian Doctrine, which was issued at the end of last week. To the traditionalist the report is sufficiently disturbing. It rejects, for instance, the infallibility of the Bible; rejects the resurrection of the physical body (though not of Christ's physical body) and regards the historical evidence for the Virgin Birth as inconclusive.

However, it is with the state of the earth rather than the nature of the cosmos that I am here concerned. What, then, has Christianity to say in regard to the contemporary situation? Briefly, the answer is "Nothing whatever." There are many lions in the path of Christianity to-day. Meeting them, the Church lifts her skirt, casts down her eyes, averts her face, and passes gently by on the other side. In other words, the major issues of our times are not faced but shirked. Take, for example, the pacifist issue, perhaps the most important single issue in ethics and politics with which the Church is confronted. To this issue in a book of 190 pages—I am still speaking of Canon Barry's *What Has Christianity to Say?*—only two and a half are devoted. The issue is stated fairly enough. Christ's teaching is plain and unequivocal. Let us, then, cut through the sophistications of diplomacy, turn our backs on the complexities of politics, and simply act in the way which He enjoins. That, broadly, is the case of the Christian pacifist. What may be urged on the other side? That to take the pacifist view is to deliver the world hand and bound into the hands of the barbarian. If we refuse to do our share in building the edifice of collective security, we both weaken the force of law, which exists for the restraint of the aggressor, and weaken also this country "in playing that part of constructive peacemaker which the Christian pacifist is always urging on it." For the world, after all, is not simple, and God's work is not to be done by short cuts. The issue is, I repeat, very fairly stated, and the dilemma which it presents is in all conscience difficult enough. How is it resolved?

It is not resolved. Canon Barry says (1) it is a good thing for the Church that there should be Christian pacifists; (2) that he does not wholly accept the collective security argument; (3) that you cannot cast out devils by Beelzebub; that, in other words, you cannot use force to expel force. These are sound considerations, and, as one notes them, one is sensible of a certain excitement. Canon Barry, after all, is Chaplain to H.M. the King. Can it be that he accepts the extreme view which the considerations just mentioned would seem by implication to recommend? Is there to be a pronouncement at last? Excitedly one reads on, but one's hopes are raised only to be dashed. Canon Barry does not stand revealed as a pure pacifist; he is *not* a member of the Peace Pledge Union. Having stated the issue, his sole comment is: "This is indeed an appalling dilemma. I do not propose to resolve it now; I have taken it merely as the clearest instance of the crucial decision which Christian thought must face. It seems as though—in a world so organised, in which the forces against us are so mighty—there is

* Student Christian Movement Press. 5s.

almost nothing Christians can do." It does indeed. And yet one cannot help feeling there *is* something which Christians can do; can do and will. That they can and will slaughter those other Christians whom the State declares to be their enemies. "It is sometimes a Christian duty to kill," the Archbishop of York has said, and I have not the faintest doubt that in spite of his careful presentation of opposing points of view, his diplomatic suspension of judgment, his delicate balancing on the tight-rope of alternatives, Canon Barry agrees with the Archbishop. C. E. M. JOAD

(*To be concluded*)

MILK

AN advertisement which appears on p. 127 of this issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION raises controversial questions affecting the functions of the press and the relations between public bodies. The British Medical Association, it will be seen, has taken as its slogan, "Milk must be made safe." The announcement rehearses the figures of deaths due annually to milk-borne bovine tuberculosis and recalls the epidemics in the past twenty-four years—scarlet fever, diphtheria and paratyphoid—ascribable to unsafe milk. It admits that the importance of milk as a food is supreme, but expresses the view that current propaganda urging the public to consume more milk is "not all to the good," and should be qualified by the proviso that only tuberculin-tested or pasteurised milk can safely be drunk without boiling.

This announcement was sent for publication to the newspapers—"national" and provincial—and weekly journals in which advertisement space had been reserved in the customary manner. In the provincial and weekly press it has appeared as scheduled, but it has not, so far, been accepted by the national dailies affiliated to the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. The reasons for this unusual reluctance to print an announcement from a responsible advertiser have not been disclosed. Whether the proprietors were influenced by the consideration that the Milk Marketing Board is financially a more important advertiser than the B.M.A., or whether it was felt that publication of the B.M.A.'s statement would be contrary to the public interest, remains a matter of conjecture.

Admittedly the "copy" which the national dailies have so far held up is controversial. The Milk Marketing Board might legitimately argue that its "Drink More Milk" campaign has been aimed not merely at improving the economic position of milk-producers (whose interests it is its function to promote) but at raising the undeniably low *per capita* consumption in this country of a food whose great nutrition-value is universally recognised. Furthermore, the Board can claim that its policy is to take all practical steps to improve the cleanliness of milk. It pays a penny per gallon above the standard price to producers of "accredited" milk, i.e., from inspected and approved herds, and an additional penny for T.T. milk; and it has recently financed an inquiry into the whole question of the advantages and limitations of pasteurisation. Meanwhile, it might be argued, until adequate supplies of pasteurised milk can be made universally available—a situation which does not exist to-day—the effect of the B.M.A.'s announcement on the mind of the lay public is calculated to increase unthinking consumer-resistance to milk sales, to the detriment of national standards of nutrition.

On these lines the Milk Board could certainly make out a *prima facie* case against the advertisement published in our columns. The question of pasteurisation is itself controversial, and in the January 15th issue of the *British Medical Journal* a correspondent describes the process as "a dangerous second best," calculated to retard the campaign for healthy cattle yielding pure milk. Into that issue we do not propose at the moment to enter. On general grounds, however right and proper it may be that the B.M.A. should emphasise the desirability of purity in milk, we are inclined to question whether the advertisement is wisely worded. If the public were to be panicked into shunning all unboiled or unpasteurised milk as dangerous, the economic prospects of building up a better system of milk production and distribution might be seriously prejudiced. More appropriate action by the B.M.A. *ad interim* might well be to stimulate Medical Officers of Health in their various districts to do more to encourage clean dairies and the testing of herds both by persuasion and the exercise of their legal powers against delinquents.

On the other hand, the attitude adopted by the national dailies is also open to criticism. The "popular" members of this section of the press accept without demur the advertisements of patent medicines the claims of which are preposterous and whose influence on the public's mind is wholly deleterious. The B.M.A. is a responsible body, with no commercial interest to serve. Its collective opinion may be wrong, but it is entitled to command respect. Its advertisement contains no libel, nor is it an attack on the Milk Board. If it were refused because of its "controversial" nature, or because it might give offence to another large advertiser, a precedent, quite contrary to the public interest, would be set for censoring on capitalist grounds the expression of disinterested, authoritative opinion. Suppose the B.M.A. decided to warn the nation that excessive consumption of bread made for an unbalanced, injurious diet; that over-indulgence in cigarettes was a frequent cause of disordered heart action; or that a particular alcoholic beverage could not be said with exact medicinal truth to be good for one. Would the "controversial" nature of such pronouncements—to say nothing of the fear of losing revenue from millers', and the tobacco and drink trades' advertisements—justify their suppression?

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION dissents from this view. Reserving the right to refuse or, as we have done on this occasion, to criticise or comment on any advertisement submitted to us, it publishes the B.M.A.'s announcement as it would any reasonably stated expression of opinion from a responsible quarter on a subject of public importance.

ROOT POLLUTION

"The decision to introduce foreign farm labour into Germany is due to the acute shortage of agricultural workers. Every precaution will be taken to safeguard against race pollution. The Italian and Polish workers will be housed in barracks."—*Daily Telegraph.*

O WELL may the Nazis recoil
from profaning the Reich blood and soil
by a hired invasion
(Non-Nordic Caucasian)
for their holy agrarian toil.

Can the Bureau of Tribal Control
save the Aryan bloodstock and soul
from the energy phallic
of tubers Italic
or swedes impregnated with Pole?

Can they immunize Germany's breed
from the taint of an alien seed
when, though sex-segregation
prevents consummation,
the bloodstream is sapped through the feed?

How vain, with eugenic foresight,
to lock the loose blondes in at night
when strangers unhallow
the ploughland and fallow
with a foreign fertility rite!

For despite all precautions that hedge
the racial purity pledge
it can't be disputed
a strain is polluted
by the virus imbibed in the veg.

SAGITTARIUS

"INDIGNANT"

I WAS glad to discover in a Belfast paper this week that "Indignant" is still writing letters to the Press. I have always regarded "Indignant" as one of the best correspondents. "Indignation," says the poet, "makes verses." It also makes admirable letters in the correspondence columns. "Indignant" is obviously aflame with sincerity. There is nothing of the egotist in him; he is not one of those people who conceal their love of publicity behind a bogus passion for the public good. His motto is: "Let my name perish and the cause prevail." Some people maintain that he suffers from high blood pressure and that if he were in sound health he would not be so continually perturbed by the sins of motorists, the sins of pedestrians, the manners of the younger generation, the licensing of refreshment bars at exhibitions, scanty bathing-costumes, street noises, and the thousand other subjects that rouse him to wrath. I do not agree with this view, however. I was more frequently indignant at an age when my arteries were in their childhood than I am to-day. My blood boiled generously then over many things that I can now regard calmly. A sense of indignation, it seems to me, is a moral quality, not the result of a physical disability.

One of its eminent characteristics is that it does not wait for some great object to turn up in order to express itself. For the truly indignant man the world teems with objects worthy of indignation, and the objects may be the tiniest imaginable. Who, for example, except one of the elect, would guess that "Girl Hockey Players and Trials" was a subject likely to incite feelings of indignation in a chivalrous breast? Yet that was the subject of "Indignant's" letter in the Belfast paper. I did not see the letter itself, but a letter in reply to it quoted "Indignant" as saying: "Have you no feeling for these girls who year after year are brought up for these trials, etc., etc.?", the point apparently being that the girls who are not finally selected for the interprovincial or international team suffer agonies of humiliation which every decent human being must long to spare them. I confess I had never thought of that point, but, now that "Indignant" has put it forward, I realise how true it is. The fact is, indeed, that our entire civilisation is based on competition for places which involves pain for great numbers of the competitors. Consider the heart-breaks among Rugby players whenever an international side is chosen after a trial. At least fifteen players are left miserable. Sport has always been cruel, but in nothing is it more exquisitely cruel than in this.

It is much the same with politics. Every general election involves the rejection of at least half the candidates. On such occasions "Indignant" might well address a letter to the editor asking: "Have you no feeling for these men and women, etc., etc.?" Strong men in the hour of defeat have been known to weep. Yet, even in a comparatively humane country like England, no one has yet demanded a more merciful method of choosing Members of Parliament. In this matter, I think, some foreign nations are ahead of the English. Fascism and Bolshevism are open to criticism on many grounds, but at least they deserve the commendation of the humane for this, that they have invented methods of election which cause pain to few rejected candidates or none. How dignified this seems in comparison with the English pushing and shoving for seats! In Germany and Italy, whatever their faults, a man can become a Member of Parliament without wounding an opponent's feelings. And I should not be surprised to learn that the Germans and Italians are as considerate of the feelings of girl hockey players as of the feelings of politicians.

In replying to "Indignant," "Spectator" appeals to him not to allow himself to be "swayed by sentiment." He evidently does not realise that if "Indignant" ceased to be swayed by sentiment he would lose his capacity for indignation. Who but a man of a sentimental turn is going to interest himself in the wrongs of girl hockey players? A more cold-blooded man would probably say to himself: "There is trouble in China. There is trouble in Spain. What does the disappointment of a few girl hockey players matter?" To the sentimentally indignant man, however, there is nothing so small that it does not matter. He sees wrong everywhere. He finds reasons for indignation even where there are none. Several indignant correspondents, for example, seem to have been writing to the same Belfast paper denouncing the B.B.C. for not playing *God Save the King* at the end of its programmes. "Ulster Boy" and "Miss Ulster" feel strongly about this, and "Ulster Man" writes to say: "I hope 'Ulster Boy' will take this matter up again with the B.B.C." "Red Hand" also rallies ardently to the support of the demand for the National Anthem.

To many of us it seems a virtue in the B.B.C. to refrain from the great European competition in anthem-playing. I myself have a great liking for anthems, national and international, and my blood is easily stirred by them, but, since the invention of wireless, I find myself gradually becoming anthem-proof. How exciting it was at first to hear the *Internationale* from Moscow! But how with repetition the excitement has waned! The Bolsheviks appear to be convinced that you cannot have too much of a good thing, and that, if you possess an anthem, the best way to popularise it is to play it over and over and over again. I do not think that any other station revels in propagandist music to the same extent as Moscow. I sometimes wonder why, if it is so important to play one tune so often, the Russians do not play it all the time, and let their programmes consist of it and nothing else. I, for one, having heard it so often, would like to have a year's rest from it. And I feel the same about *Deutschland Ueber Alles* and the *Horst Wessel*. They are both fine tunes, but by now they have become as unmoving as *The Isle of Capri*. National anthems apparently are supposed to inflame patriotism, but it seems to me that they inflame the patriotism only of those who are already patriotic. I am sure the ordinary man would like them better if he heard them seldomer. I do not see why it should be regarded as good propaganda for patriotism to play national anthems on every possible occasion. What, for instance, is the point of playing *God Save the King* after every play or film? The French, if I am not mistaken, can go to a play without having to hear the *Marseillaise*, and their patriotism does not appear to have suffered on this account. It seems to me as rational to play the Doxology as to play *God Save the King* after a performance of, say, *The Gaiety Girl*. If the patriotic demand the one as proof that England is a patriotic nation, the religious might as justly demand the other as proof that England is a religious nation.

After all, if the playing or singing of the National Anthem is necessary as a preservative of patriotism, why is it not made a universal custom wherever Englishmen assemble at any kind of meeting? I have never attended a Cabinet meeting, but I do not believe that, at the end of every Cabinet meeting, the ministers stand up and sing *God Save the King*. Yet, to be logical, those who become indignant over the "omission" of *God Save the King* from the B.B.C. programmes ought to be equally indignant over its "omission" at the end of Cabinet meetings, church services and football matches. Why not, indeed, make it compulsory for every citizen to sing it after he has eaten a meal in a restaurant and even after he has had a drink in a public house? If this were done, I fancy, "Indignant" would soon be writing letters to the editor denouncing this new form of torture.

I do not know whether it is the common feeling, but, as a result of listening to the wireless, I have conceived a profound hatred of Big Ben. When I was a boy, I thought Big Ben the most romantic thing in the world. And, even when I came to London, I regarded him with indifference rather than with aversion. To-day, however, if I am listening in at midnight, I switch him off at the first stroke, as if it were the voice of the Devil. That slow monotonous boom in a small sitting-room is to me more horrible than the bizz of a wasp and almost as horrible as the palpitation of a pneumatic drill.

Surely there must be some simpler way of letting us know that it is midnight. Big Ben, it seems to me, assumes that everybody is deaf, and it is bad enough in ordinary life to be talked to by someone with the voice of a Bull of Bashan who assumes that one is deaf. I would rather not know the time at all, indeed, than hear it from Big Ben.

This hatred of a once-admired bell is due mainly to repetition. To hear midnight from Big Ben once or twice a year—say, on Christmas Day and at the New Year—would, I have no doubt, be impressive; but as a nightly performance it runs the *Internationale* close for the prize that should be awarded to the world's best bore. And I suspect that if the National Anthem were repeated as often, a greater and greater number of otherwise patriotic listeners would soon be switching off their wireless sets before the second note was finished. Then we should find "Indignant" writing letters to the papers denouncing the listeners for lack of patriotism and demanding that everyone should be compelled to listen to the National Anthem on the wireless and to stand up with arms lowered till it is over. And then other "Indignants" would write protesting that, whatever the nation, too much national anthem is a bore. And this question having been settled, "Indignant" could return to the burning question of trials for girl hockey players. It is when he is writing on such burning questions that I like him best. Y. Y.

Correspondence

MRS. WEBB'S 80TH BIRTHDAY

SIR,—It has become a commonplace to compare the influence of the Webbs upon the last generation of British politics with that of Bentham upon his contemporaries a century or so ago. How wide and deep that influence is can only be fully known to those who have trodden, however haltingly, on the remarkable road they have combined to build. They made the study of trade unionism a scientific subject. Their *History of English Local Government* is not only one of the masterpieces of scholarship our time has seen; no other country possesses a comparable study. Their books on the poor law and the co-operative movement are landmarks in their respective fields. Even those who dissent from its conclusions admit that their work on Soviet Communism is one of those rare books which at once attains the status of a classic.

But alongside their great literary work, there is also an immense practical achievement. The building of secondary education in London, the reform of the poor law, the recognition of the principle of social insurance, these owe more than we shall ever know to their labours. They were principal architects in the making of the Labour Party. Their patience and imaginative energy created the London School of Economics and Political Science. No more devoted and disinterested servants of the public good have existed in our time.

There can be few of my generation concerned in the professional study of politics who are not in an ultimate way their pupils. There can be few, either, who are not their personal debtors for constant encouragement and kindness. They have had that special art in a high degree which makes learning the highroad to friendship. They have never lost that genius which enables them not less to understand the younger generation than their own contemporaries. They have never ceased to learn. They have never made a system of exclusive principles a method whereby to limit their sympathies. None of us, I think, who have had the privilege of constant association with them but will eagerly testify to constant acts of kindness and an inspiration which has never flagged. Their attitude has always been that of fellowship in a great company of scholars, concerned to pool their ideas, to join with ardour in a voyage of discovery in which the excitement of travel was not less than the importance of the harbour reached. It is a record in the presence of which one cannot help but be humble; but it is a record, also, of which a friend cannot help but be proud.

One does not think of them as old. They have become part of oneself, because they keep step with the march of time, look forward always, share one's problems, encourage one's hopes. I doubt whether anyone can quite measure the degree to which interchange with them of thought has resulted in the vague becoming precise, the conventional receiving a new perspective. They have given of their full stock of ideas with a freedom beyond thanks. They have won our veneration without compulsion, and it has rarely been achieved without the accompaniment of affection. Respect for them has become part of one's own self-respect. On this day I am proud to join in a salute which comes from all who recognise one of the most single-minded contributions to the elevation of our people we are likely to see in our time.

HAROLD J. LASKI

SIR,—Perhaps we who grew up in the heyday of Fabian Socialism, and joined in the fierce—though not embittered—battles against "Sidney Webbicalism" in the Labour Party are a little too near to the events to assess accurately the place of the Webbs in contemporary history. But we know, at least, that the future historian will see them as of immense importance; and we are beginning, I think, particularly when we compare them with others who have guided Labour or Socialism, to realise certain of the qualities which have made their influence so unique.

I should say, first, that they came into their movement fully grown and of governing-class calibre. Perhaps it is a point which looms largest to a woman, but I should say that the training of Mrs. Webb, in particular, in running a large house, in meeting and coping with all manner of people, and in learning to wrestle with doubts and difficulties within the pages of her own diary (as see in *My Apprenticeship*) was of real importance. After a big London house in the season, a small house, a Half-Circle Club, a committee, or a campaign, was nothing to her, and the problems of home organisation, which hang around the necks of so many Labour women of whatever income, simply did not exist. The Webbs never used the Labour movement to cut their teeth on, or to redress a sense of inferiority or to compensate them for the world's unkindness; they came into it as ones having authority, and able to be disinterested, because they had no psychological or any other axe to grind.

The disinterestedness I shall stress no more, for everybody knows it. But I should stress their gift of having their eye on their object and knowing exactly what they wanted to do in order to achieve it. They have never yielded to irrelevancy, nor ever seemed to want to; in fact, they have that extraordinary quality of not only continually willing the end (which others have had also) but of actively and continuously willing all the means to it—and of not desiring, at any rate to any noticeable extent, anything that was seriously incompatible with their purpose. It is not simply that they lack extravagance of any kind; for example, they have been able to tackle huge jobs of historical research without ever being lured into antiquarianism, into falling in love with information for its own sake; it is also that they were *really* so anxious to get the thing done, whatever it was, that they would work for and accept whatever bit of it they could get. Hence their genius for compromise and committee working. Mr. Webb is one of the few politicians to whom "compromise" means compromise, and not an indirect means of getting one's own way.

This genius for compromise, no doubt, accounts for part of their effectiveness. But more, I think, is due to their extraordinary absence of rancour. I know few people who have been the object of more bitter—and often unfair—attacks, not seldom from people who owed them a great deal; but I have never, in a long acquaintance with the Webbs, seen any signs of their cherishing resentment or wanting to "get back" on the offender. This is not because they have honey-and-rosewater minds; most people who know Mrs. Webb have heard judgments or comments from her which they cherish in their malicious memories, and there are a few personalities with which the Webbs cannot get on terms. But they have never been bitter about it; and the enormous advantage, to a Socialist politician, of having no hatreds, no grievances, no sore spots which must not be touched, cannot easily be overstressed. It is an aspect of democracy which more emotional democrats often neglect; paradoxically, it has enabled them to change their own minds, and to admit past errors without being as uncomfortable, remorseful, or unwilling as many. If you can forgive others for error, you can forgive yourself.

Finally, what has lifted them far out of the class of merely first-rate organisers is the touch of genius, of political imagination which has enabled them to see, and to catch hold of, the new and fruitful idea. Mrs. Webb may be, as she likes to say, a "bourgeois benevolent bureaucrat," but she lacks the essential unimaginativeness that is the mark of your true bureaucrat. Forty years ago

the Webbs *saw*, when nobody else saw, the political possibilities of Trade Unions; five years ago they saw, with the clarity of new vision, what was coming to birth in Soviet Russia. And anyone who knows them, I imagine, will agree that at eighty years old Mrs. Webb shows more eagerness to understand and to welcome new developments than most people of half her age. There will not, I fear, be another book like *Soviet Communism;* but if there were ever a case for the fulfilment of Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* prophecies, it is here. MARGARET COLE

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

SIR,—Professor Hogben's letter left me with such a feeling of incompetence and presumption that I almost forgot to buy last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and thus nearly missed the fact that I had had the good fortune to share the second prize in your General Knowledge competition. I now feel that I have let somebody down badly since as an aeronautical engineer, rather more familiar with the spark-gap than with the pen, I ought not to have been interested.

Anyway, I am still anti-Fascist and not even, so far as I know, a bourgeois (at any rate I don't pay income tax). I can only apologise humbly and say I found it very good fun (despite the misleading omission of the comma between Sidrophel and Skinnybonia). A. J. SALMON

Rosemont Court, Rosemont Road, W.3.

SIR,—Mrs. Barbara Wootton, attacking THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for being "class-conscious," blamed the reviewer of my novel, *I'm Not Complaining*, for referring to a "National" school. In the Junior Public Elementary School in which I taught we used the name the parents used. They, not having been as "expensively educated" as Mrs. Wootton, were in the habit of talking about "National" schools, "Workhouses" and "Lunatic Asylums." Perhaps Mrs. Wootton herself has been living in "a world so exotic" that she does not know what the inexpensively educated six-sevenths of the population call the Government institutions among themselves. But I have not. RUTH ADAM

40B Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3.

SIR,—I suppose if Mrs. Barbara Wootton wrote a review of a book about Eton and accidentally called M'Tutor's *My* Tutor's, she would expect Mr. Howard and me to construe it as a class attack. At this rate, the elementary school tie, which she so aggressively flaunts, is as bad as its public school fellow. Or is she alone in her disagreeableness? I fear not. Such trivial bitterness and deliberate misinterpretation are only too familiar, and they depress people like myself who, though not Socialists, feel inclined to vote Labour at the next election as the best hope of saving the freedom of the seas and the freedom of the world. For if foreign policy is the prerogative of the party intelligentsia, to which Mrs. Wootton presumably belongs, and if the party intelligentsia is as class-conscious as her letter seems to indicate, the prospect of handing over to a set of inverted Blimps makes me wonder whether Blimp himself may not just as well stay where he is. ROBERT BYRON

Overton House, Marlborough.

SIR,—Not one of the rejoinders to Professor Hogben has done him the justice of taking him seriously, and not one has even been seriously constructed. You, sir, have seen fit to publish these rejoinders and have even composed one of the least serious and careful of them yourself. This seems to us to be symptomatic of a major defect in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION as it stands.

No one can doubt that in this country we lack a Left-wing weekly of first-class calibre. If there is any one periodical which might supply this need it is your own; for in its first half it is already making a unique and valuable contribution to what Professor Hogben has called the consolidating of "representative sentiment in support of constructive socialist policies." But there is a serious weakness in this first half: it is too short. And the reason for this is that it is never allowed to encroach upon the apparently inviolable second half. Yet this second half makes no unique and valuable contribution. Quite apart from the question of whether it is even good of its kind, the type of matter it contains can be found in plenty of other papers. This would not mean complete waste if it could be argued that by bringing politics and the arts together the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION as a whole made a unique and valuable contribution. But in fact, however unique this contribution may be, it is certainly not valuable. The collocation in one compendious "review" of politics and art is simply a perpetuation of the frivolous and pernicious notion of the "cultured man" with "broad interests"—interests in fact so broad that politics and art are all the same to him, the former being indeed quite probably a branch of the latter.

We take this view not because we are scientists or technicians (most of us in fact are neither), but because we take politics seriously. The remedy for our difficulty would be the complete removal of the literary, musical and other "cultured" sides of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. And in planning the paper anew we should certainly agree with Professor Hogben and Barbara Wootton that the aim should include giving the ordinary man an opportunity of "educating himself upon the bearing of modern scientific progress upon the plans and policies appropriate to realistic contemporary socialism."

Can you or any of the others who have opposed Professor Hogben find any really serious objection to our views?

The Queen's College, Oxford.
M. ABERCROMBIE (Queen's College)
A. CHRISTELOW (Queen's College)
W. HARRISON (Queen's College)
JOHN D. BROADBENT (Trinity College)
I. MACDONALD (St. Peter's Hall)

SIR,—Having been thoroughly ploughed by your General Knowledge Paper and horrified by the religious war, so characteristic of our self-righteous times, which has broken out between the traditional faith of Mr. Mortimer's adherents and the reformed, hydro-electric terrors of Professor Hogben's, I turned up my Montaigne. He had, after all, survived similar factions. Montaigne wrote:

> I see better than any man else, that what I have set downe, is nought but the fond imagination of him, who in his youth hath tasted nothing but the paring and seen but the superficies of true learning: whereof he hath retained but a generall and shapelesse forme: a smack of everything in generall, but nothing to the purpose in particular: After the French manner. To be short, I know there is an art of Physicke; a course of lawes; foure parts of the Mathematickes, and I am not altogether ignorant, what they tend unto. And perhaps I also know the scope and drift of Sciences in generall, to be for the service of our life. But to wade further, or that ever I tired myselfe with plodding upon Aristotle (the Monarch of our modern doctrine) or obstinately continued in the search of any one science: I confesse I never did it. Nor is there any one art, whereof I am able so much to draw the first lineaments. And there is no scholar (be he of the lowest forme) that may not repute himself wiser than I, who am not able to appose him in his first lesson: and if I be forced to it, I am constrained verie impertinently to draw in matter from some generall discourse, whereby I examine, and give a guesse at his natural judgement; a lesson as much unknowne to them as theirs is to me.

Montaigne's impertinence attracts me. I ask Messrs. Mortimer and Hogben, What is a skiver? And when is it cockled? They are Fascists if they don't know. V. S. PRITCHETT

SIR,—My reference to the "praiseworthy efforts" devoted by Mr. Wells to "building up the self-esteem of the English middle classes" was not ironical, and I agree with Professor Hogben that the Labour Party has not succeeded any better and, perhaps, has not tried. But I disagree with Professor Hogben about the importance of this omission, for reasons which I gave in my first letter and which he thought unworthy of notice. I do not think that, even if all the technologists in the country joined the Labour Party, that party would be very much forward on its road to power, a road which (I hope Professor Hogben will agree) is the road a political party should keep its feet on. The road to knowledge and the road to virtue may or may not be parallel with it, but they are not identical with it. I should deplore an alienation of the technologists from the Left because the Left is so weak that it cannot afford to lose any considerable body of support and, in any Socialist state, the willing collaboration of the technologists would be valuable. But when I think of the "classes who occupy the key positions in modern industry," I do not think of the hard-working research chemist, but of his employer who may be a chemist himself but very often is not. Even if a chemist is an employer and a maker of our modern civilisation, it is usually for reasons that often have as little to do with modern scientific knowledge as with a knowledge of Greek metres. The key to modern industry in our society is the key to the safe; in Fascist states it is the key to the safe and the arsenal. Neither in our nor in the Fascist state is the key or keys in the hands of the

technicians. It is in the hands of financiers, political managers, rhetoricians, soldiers, gangsters. Few of these are technicians of the type which Professor Hogben holds up to our admiration. That the work of his technicians is more interesting and more useful than that of the exploiters of it I agree, but that does not justify dire predictions of doom based on a belief that the technicians are as politically important as they are morally or economically worthy. There are several possible future civilisations among which choices may be made; those choices are not, I think, going to be made by the technicians, but by whatever persons are in political and economic authority. Then the technicians will be called on to produce the technical equipment for that type of society, whether that equipment is poison gas and synthetic rubber or more food, more clothing and more comfort for the average man. There is no danger of Fascism in this country as long as parliamentary government gives such satisfactory results to the possessing classes. If we ever have a Labour Government in power which gives any signs of using that power to make fundamental changes, there may be danger of Fascism. In that case the technicians who will be of primary importance will be the soldiers, sailors and aviators and their technical assistants. By its useful quotations from *The Aeroplane*, your journal has shown signs of understanding this side of the problem. Professor Hogben refers to my "earnest pedantry." I am flattered by the adjective and accept without any protest the noun. I am a pedant. Pedantry is, I think, a less dangerous attitude of mind in a commentator on politics than utopianism. The Left in Britain has enough utopian illusions in its baggage without adding another, even one supplied by Professor Hogben.

Corpus Christi College, Oxford. D. W. BROGAN

POLICE EVIDENCE

SIR,—"Counsel's" letter is especially useful for the interesting and grimly amusing example which he gives of the kind of thing the police say when asked what is known of a person who has been found guilty. Protest after protest has been made against the practice, but it continues, and in my experience is on the increase. On the day on which this was written I had to protest against a police statement that a man who had been convicted was "an associate of thieves." This is a very common suggestion, and if challenged is often supported by calling another officer who swears that on such-and-such occasions he saw the prisoner in the company of A. and B. who were on various occasions convicted of larceny. The fact that A. and B. are usually relatives or old friends of the prisoner counts for nothing. Another common statement is that the guilty person is "a member of a gang," a suggestion almost impossible to refute.

I am glad Mr. Thompson calls attention to the interference by the Home Office with the justices. More than once I have heard a Chairman say that they took a certain course "by the direction of the Home Office," and it is quite common to hear police officers quote Home Office instructions as if they were binding on the bench, which, incidentally, many benches think they are.

With regard, however, to Mr. Thompson's suggested new point, I should be interested to hear what general right of appeal the prosecution has from the decision of a Court of Summary Jurisdiction otherwise than by way of a case stated on a point of law. There is a similar appeal from Quarter Sessions. I agree that in practice this works out unfairly, for the prosecution can almost always afford to pay for a case stated. The defence seldom. But such appeals are rare, and, I fear, necessary. SOLICITOR

PROFESSOR RUUTU

SIR,—The reference to Professor Ruutu in your recent article, "Fascism in Finland," surprised me so much that I sent him on my NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Professor Ruutu writes in reply: "I have never been a Fascist or National-Socialist in the Hitlerite aspect. . . . I have been Socialist since 1920, but with Fabian, not Marxist, opinions. It was impossible for me and others who had been on the White front in the civil war during the winter 1918 against the Reds, to join the Social-Democratic party at that time. We called our group National-Socialist to make evident the difference between our movement and Marxism . . . and to facilitate the accepting of Socialist views by Whites. I used some quite Socialist ideas from German National-Socialist literature; but as soon as it became evident that the Hitlerite movement was not a Socialist one, I always criticised it.

"In the spring of 1937 I and all my comrades joined the Social Democratic Party, with which I have always tried to be on good terms. It is therefore quite wrong that I have made 'a volte face' into Social Democracy. It is for me disagreeable to be introduced to English readers in that funny way, especially as I am more a university teacher and scientist than a politician and party man."

GEORGE E. MACGREGOR,
Hon. Sec. Southampton L.N.U.

GOYA

SIR,—Through the generosity of a sympathiser with the Spanish Government, I am able to make an offer which should appeal both to connoisseurs and to friends of Spain.

The owner of the First Edition of Goya's *Caprichios* (Madrid, c. 1803), which contains portrait and the complete series of 79 original etchings by Goya, is willing to sell it to the highest bidder over £120. This book has frequently fetched £200 in the sale-rooms, and in booksellers' catalogues, and is certainly not dear at the suggested price.

The owner will give the money either for medical aid, or for food, according to the purchaser's wishes. IVY ELSTOB

20B Wilmington Square, W.C.

[We have also received a letter giving details of a "Spain Week" organised by the Trade Union and Labour Movements of St. Pancras and Holborn from January 21st to January 28th. Details of the programme of meetings and the other activities can be obtained from Mr. T. E. Blewitt, 6 Golden Square, W.C.1. —ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SPANISH RELIEF FUND

SIR,—It was most encouraging to see in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION how generously your readers have responded to the appeal I made for Spanish Relief on Christmas Eve. In thanking most sincerely all those who gave, I should like to say that the total published last week is not complete. For in addition to the sums sent to your office just over £50 has also been sent direct to the office of the British Youth Peace Assembly.

I am sure that the refugees of Spain owe this splendid contribution largely to your own goodwill in giving the name of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to the appeal. May we hope that the fund may be kept open? And may I suggest that all your readers who can (and are not already doing it) should undertake some regular weekly or monthly contribution, or a regular collection among their friends? Whether such regular help be for refugees in Spain or for the three thousand Basque children still in this country, it is equally useful; it is far the finest form of help. VINCENT DUNCAN JONES

British Youth Peace Assembly,
15a Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.

[We are glad to acknowledge the following further sums received this week: Anon., Malcolm J. Morris (£2 2s.); "Signet" (£2 0s. 6d.); G. W. Shipway (£2); C. K. Wilmers (£1 10s.); Dorothy Allhusen, P. F. (£1 1s.); J. D. Rose, A, E. Welch, Mrs. A. Williamson (£1); R. Cobden-Sanderson (15s.); I. G., W. H. Dent Robinson (10s.); Leslie L. Neal (7s. 6d.); "Quint" (5s. 3d.); Anon., Joyce Davies, Rosemary, S. M. Hughes, S. H. J., Margaret Miall (5s.); L. Thompson (3s.); Evelyn Roderick (2s. 6d.); O. W. Sinclair (2s.).]

COLLAGES

SIR,—May I protest against an unfortunate misprint in your last week's review of the current exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries in which my "collages" were referred to as "cottages"? I simply hate cottages. JULIAN TREVELYAN

Durham Wharf, W.6.

Miscellany

CHRONICLE OF A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN STORE

THE bright lights and warm interior of a big departmental store together form an irresistible attraction for the public, during showers of rain and cold spells. A heavy shower on a Saturday afternoon is enough to pack the basement and ground floor with a solid mass of humanity which surges around little islands of aluminium kettles, electric irons, popular novels, and stuffed chickens. On such occasions the store becomes a fairground. Lovers wander around locked in close embraces

noisy women with pendulous stomachs drag crying children behind them and young men put on their best carnival behaviour. The never-ending stream flows around the little islets of merchandise to the blaring of a gramophone playing the latest popular tune or the pounding of a piano shrieking out a melody that a customer has asked to hear. Many of this army of sightseers suck ice-cream which quickly melts in the hot air of the basement and deposits itself in a liquid stream on the stone floors or the gleaming goods of the store.

The basement is lit entirely by electric light which is necessary during the whole of the working hours. To attract attention to electric lamps and fairy lights that are offered for sale rows of lamps light up alternately, and various coloured decoration schemes flash out hideous patterns for ten hours each day until the tired assistants go home at nights with dancing, twinkling, lights before their aching eyes. They spend their whole working day in the artificial atmosphere of foul breath and sparkling lights of this human merry-go-round until the artificial becomes real and the real artificial in their scheme of values. They work imprisoned in this brightly lit and public tomb waiting to dance obedience on all who raise a finger and ready to explain with exaggerated courtesy the usefulness of anything from bed pans to sugar bowls.

The hours of labour in the store where I worked were officially a forty-eight hour week according to the terms of an agreement, euphemistically called the "Shop Assistants' Charter," which the management had signed with the Shop Assistants' Union. Like the abortive Disarmament Conferences which permitted the various signatory countries to build up to new limits which they had not yet reached, the immediate result of the "Shop Assistants' Charter" was that the assistants found themselves working longer hours than they had done before the agreement was signed. For some weeks before Christmas longer hours were worked. Eleven and a half hours were worked on the busiest days with one and a half hours off for all meals and relaxation. The busiest and most trying days were, therefore, also those on which the longest hours were worked and on these days we went home with singing noises in our heads and dull aches in our swollen feet.

Sometimes we were required to work on even after the closing bell had rung. This overtime was noted down in a special book and was supposed to be compensated for by finishing earlier on some future day. The managers, who were supposed to see that this compensation was effected, openly boasted that they never allowed it and many assistants were afraid to ask for it as such a request was frequently greeted with a flood of abuse. During the time I was employed at the store I never finished before the closing bell had rung, although I had put in some three or four hours overtime. Even after the bell had rung a general custom had arisen of asking the manager's permission before leaving, although the bell was the official signal for so doing, if there were no customers and the department was tidy. This clause about the department being tidy was made the excuse for keeping assistants an extra ten or fifteen minutes if the manager felt like it. Since it was the general custom to begin replacing stock about five minutes before closing time the department was never tidy when the bell rang. Ten or fifteen minutes' overtime engaged in this kind of work was regarded as too short to qualify for inclusion in the Overtime Book, which was rarely to be found when required. This book, which should have been freely accessible to all who wanted to use it I saw only once in twelve weeks.

Dismissal of workers was frightening in its suddenness and rapidity. Two people I knew personally and who imagined they were doing well in the business disappeared overnight after a visit to the staff manager. Large numbers of employees were dismissed at a minute's notice without any reason being given. All newly engaged personnel have to sign a declaration that they are willing to be dismissed without any notice and also give permission to the management to open any correspondence addressed to individuals at the store. This latter stipulation can be particularly annoying, as I know from personal experience, but it is the great fear of instant dismissal that disturbs and poisons the usual relationship between employer and employed.

The store also possessed a department known as the Staff Training Department. Its personnel consisted of two women, neither of whom showed signs of marked ability, but were both pleasant and friendly as far as I was concerned. These two women had created a very bad impression among most of the store workers by whom they were regarded as conceited snobs who served no useful purpose. The work of the Staff Training Department appeared to be instructing new staff in the history and ideals of the firm and in the use of check books which were used by all the sales staff when a sale was made.

This training was both incomplete and inefficient. In my own case I had been in the store over seven days before the Staff Training Department discovered my presence. During this period, since I had not been issued with a check book, I lost the commission on £60 worth of sales. The chief difficulty which prevented the proper training of the staff was the fact that the training took place after an individual had been appointed to a sales department and was directly responsible to the sales manager who bitterly begrudged giving his staff any time to attend instruction classes. The reason was that he regarded the classes as quite unnecessary and therefore a waste of time. This instinctive dislike of the training classes was increased by the hostility that the staff training personnel aroused among the sales managers.

In this way the life of a new recruit to the staff was made miserable by orders from the Staff Training Department to report on a certain day and by curt refusals from the sales manager when permission was sought from him. It almost necessarily followed from this state of affairs that the training received was both poor in quality and quantity. The worry and concern of trying to hold down a job in these circumstances must have been terrific and had already turned one of the two staff trainers into an interesting patient for an expert in neurosis. She talked regularly of the difficulty of inculcating public school principles in the rank and file of the store, but in some ways public school principles were the only ones that could be adopted for outside of a public school it is doubtful if there is another place where such unnatural and vigorous discipline is imposed on the two sexes.

Among the hundreds of sales girls employed were many who were most attractive and eligible, yet the male staff got into very serious trouble if they were even caught attempting to talk to them. Separate tables were provided for men and women when meals were eaten, and the most that could be managed in the way of conversation was a few mumbled words under the breath when passing each other. It frequently happened that some of the assistants arrived in the department some ten minutes or so before the official time for commencing work. On one of these occasions a man was caught in the company of two girls engaged in the harmless occupation of sharpening their pencils. The result was an ill-mannered, vulgar, and public reprimanding from a group manager.

There was also in the store a Welfare Department, the work of which was to protect the health of the employees. I never had occasion to test its efficiency, but a man who worked with me had personal knowledge of it. Some years ago he felt violently ill whilst at work and fainted during the afternoon. He went up to the Welfare Department to report his sickness and showed the nurse a swelling in his side. He asked for a Pass Out—a signed chit without which no one could leave the store. He was not given the Pass Out, but after resting for twenty minutes was sent back to his department. Later in the day he fainted a second time, again reported to the somewhat ironically named Welfare Department and was again refused a Pass Out. When he finished his day's work he went to see his own doctor and within an hour was operated upon for acute appendicitis.

The most remarkable and unhealthy thing about the store's organisation was the atmosphere of fear in which everyone worked. This was not confined to the lower paid and manual

workers, but existed among the well-paid men who filled the administrative positions. The fear was the real fear of losing your job. Sales managers had two tasks to perform if they wanted to keep their jobs. They had first to increase their turnover each year, and secondly they had to make their appropriate profit. The managers who failed to accomplish these two things were dismissed, and in bad years it is almost impossible to increase turnover. Consequently a manager at the store was constantly striving to do better than he had ever done before. Last year's figures were not good enough. There were frantic searchings after new methods. The worry and anxiety of the manager when he saw he was not making his profit was communicated to the salesmen under his charge and a reign of terror began. Actually it was a struggle for survival of the fittest. It is a grim prospect for a manager, fortyish, with a wife and children, to see his livelihood disappearing.

Urged on by the chiefs of the concern who keep pointing out that what they are asking for is not impossible, some managers give way under the strain. In their efforts to keep their own jobs the managers are forced to behave abominably to their assistants. Orders are issued with much shouting and cursing at one minute and cancelled the next; assistants are told to serve customers, put on a display, replace stock, sweep the floors, despatch orders and deal with the ordinary routine of the department all at the same time. There are so many people issuing orders that it is difficult to know what to do first, but this doesn't really matter at such a time, because you are almost certainly told to undo what you have done within half an hour of finishing it. The creation of such a bedlam is business efficiency in practice. It is impossible to stand such a racket for any length of time and preserve your sanity. Among the lower-paid those who have been in the store more than a couple of months are few and far between.

Still the concern made a very large profit last year.

FIRMNESS, COMMODITY, DELIGHT

THAT is their text—first propounded by Sir Henry Wotton in 1624 as the three conditions of "well building." From a microphone, and from an old book in a floodlit porthole, it greets the visitor to the Mars (Modern Architectural Research) Exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries. Those destined to benefit from the exhibition are defined, in a series of enormous photographs, as businessmen, housewives, week-enders, doctors, teachers and industrial workers: in other words, the urban, the consciously urban society of the twentieth century.

As presentation, logically conceived and entertaining to look at, the exhibition is a masterpiece. Its economy of means, its ingenuity in the use of space and its harmony of colour and lighting make a most convincing advertisement for the ideas it embodies. The Martians admit they are propagandists: "We claim your loyalty for an architecture worthy of this age, worthy of the future." Occasionally they spoil their honesty with sententiousness. "Form conditioned by the need for repetition, resulting in rhythmic pattern and textural richness" is a tedious way of describing a skyscraper, even if it is a good one. Nevertheless, honesty is the keynote, and is sounded both by the anonymity of the participants and by the insistence on type to the exclusion of individual style. No doubt the participants have their separate idiosyncrasies. But these are not allowed to appear. The exhibition illustrates the principles of the Group as a whole, from town-planning to the nursery. It would not enable anyone wanting a house or a factory to choose an architect. But it might persuade him where to look for one.

"The point of it," explained a member of the Group, "is to show architecture as a social service instead of as a means of enabling an R.A. to build a monument to himself." That is an intelligible aim: a social service is what architecture should be, above the other arts. But it depends on what you call social service. Myself I don't like being reformed in my personal habits, by an architect or anyone else, and, having that dislike, I credit most other people with it. Certainly the architect must lead the way to commodity and delight, and must interpret the spirit of the age as he goes. But if he puts his leadership on a moral basis, then let him be judged morally. These architects want to build what is good for people. Who are they to judge what is good for me and mine? Their nursery, for instance, is on a platform, so that the adult intruder can view it from the child's eye-level. In it is a wash-basin two feet from the floor, at the child's wash-level. Here then, in the child's environment, the adult standard is purposely depressed to the child's. Such help to the prolongation of infantilism may be one of the accepted tenets of modern education. But I fail to see what moral right an architect has to impose it on my children. Devices of this nature have the same sort of flavour as the Gothic of a nineteenth-century vicarage now surrendered to the laity, where the very doorways make it sin to drink a cocktail. One imposes the catechism, the other the Montessori system. Each architect may have believed he was doing his duty. I hold his duty to have been elsewhere.

It may be captious to draw lessons from the nursery when so much in the exhibition is pleasant—particularly the sun-arbour with its white azaleas, its stout and shapely pergola (instead of the usual formless mousetrap) and its wavy metal awning looking like one of Lurçat's clouds and pierced to let in sunspots. Let us return to the text: firmness, commodity, delight.

Firmness I take for granted in the steel age.

Commodity, too, to some extent, though not on account of steel. The English exponent of the "new" architecture has an admirable apprehension of the elements that make a pleasant room. He likes a good light, natural or otherwise, and in combination with the former, as much view as possible. And with his built-in sofa handy to bookshelf, wireless, electric fire and drink cupboard, he achieves a kind of intimate comfort, different from and much harder to come by than mere luxury, which our language calls cosiness and which distinguishes him from his American or Continental counterpart, to whom this element in domestic happiness, born of a long tradition in our island, is almost unknown. But he need not delude himself, the silly idiot, into thinking he has no style. He not only deludes himself; he *preaches* that he has none. "The architect who is committed, at the outset, to thinking in terms of a style—that is of an idiom which is already crystallised and inflexible—is hopelessly shackled. Every step he takes must be either an ineffective compromise or a deviation from stylistic convention. He is the perpetual victim of the preconceived idea." And not content with putting this in the catalogue, the little modern goes running for help to that universal daddy of all moderns since moderns began, Mr. Bernard Shaw. "There, there, my boy, don't cry. I'll explain things for you to the nasty public. What is it you hate so? Oh, Baalbek. Well then: 'Baalbek is not, and never was, worth twopence. . . . To any one who has seen Ely Cathedral, or Chartres, or St. Sophia or even the Parthenon, it is null and dull.'" *Even* the Parthenon . . . the old tease!

Of course the modern architect has a style—that is if style means an aspect of design which proclaims its author as belonging to a certain age and school. A more pronounced style, in this sense, never decorated the earth. So obtrusive is it that even the tongue grows limp.

"Don't you dare mention dressing for dinner," say the walls.

"But my wife always——"

"You'd better get another wife, if you want to live with us. And don't mention Stalin or Trotsky either, in case you mention the wrong one."

"Please, where shall I put this picture of my grandfather and his hounds?"

"In the lavatory, if you must put it anywhere."

"But he was only the huntsman, not the Master."

"Oh, a proletarian. How did you get your money then?"

"What's that of your business?"

"Everything about you is our business, especially the rent, which is £200 a year. . . . Goodnight, and be careful what you dream. We suspect you of being a Rightist."

But though the message of the classless society is the most individual feature of the exhibition, it is not, I venture to think, the most important. Other styles have preached their gospels before. It is not by their gospels we judge them now.

The idiom of the modern style, judged in terms of delight, has three main characteristics, which correspond aesthetically with all three of Wotton's conditions. One is monumentality or firmness—an organic, well-knit appearance as of something rooted, which is common to structures of every scale from factories to the penguins' diving-board. The second is a dislike of superfluities, a resolve to emphasise rather than conceal the commodity of each component part, as it ministers to human needs. And the third is rhythm or pattern, by which the parts are brought into aesthetic harmony and thus permit delight. But the weakness of the style is that, whereas to be successful, as Radio City or Lenin's Tomb are successful, it must maintain an equal balance between these three characteristics, in too many cases the second, the visible emphasis on convenience gets out of hand and develops a selfish pride which flouts its partners and eventually swamps the whole idiom: so that the inexperienced architect, though anxious to follow the idiom's best principles, has them hidden from him and perforce takes refuge in a mock-utilitarianism, which is often the reverse of commodity. The reason for this weakness is the moral obsession which cannot or will not remember that art, as well as plumbing, can be a form of social service.

And the remedy? What would be the remedy of a language that had no grammar? To invent one, to crystallise the rules. If the Mars Group will do that, will give their style a grammar instead of preaching anarchy, theirs is the architecture of the future. They have the ideas, and those ideas, being founded on common sense, deserve to survive. But architectural ideas can only be turned into art by means of certain ratios and proportions, not academic but instinctive, which please the eye. Once the Group can effect this metamorphosis, once they can translate their ideas into valid form, then they are free. Then they can invent. Then they can adorn the lives of us all. But if they fail to do this, they are slaves for always, doomed to obscurity or to the hate that now pursues their kind in Russia. The present exhibition shows them arrived at a crossroads. Which road they will take perhaps only our children will discover.

ROBERT BYRON

THE MOVIES

"Tovarich," at the Tivoli

"Man-Proof," lately at the Empire

"I Met My Love Again," at the London Pavilion (from Monday)

"Every Day's a Holiday," at the Plaza

The average American movie is generally supposed to be good entertainment, if no more. But is it? Only, I think, if you don't go too often. A week of Hollywood after a week of Paris makes me feel like a precocious schoolboy returning to the rigours of the Easter term after holidaying with intelligent adults; with distaste he contemplates the limited interests, the practical jokes, the stale slang. So, as a week's movies slip past, we recognise dumbly the same old repetitions, exaggerations, idiotic conventions: agitated journalists still bark out: "Here, wait a minute, wait . . . a . . . minute"; fat and bothered papas still burst in upon scenes of disorder with "What's going on around here, anyway?" and Young America always replies: "Gee, Dad, I'm sorry; we just thought we'd give you a surprise." Once again the heroine hears, plate in hand, a piece of disastrous news; close-up of the plate, and then we all await the inevitable crash. Once more the hatchet-faced *jeune premier* and the pie-faced *ingénue* mouth their way through the commonplace dialogue, with raised eyebrow, shaken head, pouting lip. The tough's hat is tilted back; the ladies' man smiles his whimsical self-conscious grin in expectation of impending popularity—how familiar and how deadly it all is. We are back at school again, there are no grown-ups, only the matron and the maid and a few comic beaks, we may as well resign ourselves to the inevitable.

Here are four perfectly ordinary harmless movies. None of them is worth seeing in the same sense as any of the four French pictures now running in Central London. But all contain one or two of those little jewels of small-part acting which distinguish almost any reputable Hollywood picture. It is remarkable that directors who are so successful in the casting and handling of small parts should so often fail to infuse life into the principal roles. When Hollywood throws up a first-rate picture it is generally a social document rather than a study of character, a landscape rather than a portrait. The hero and heroine of *Dead End* and *They Won't Forget* soon slip out of our memory, but the films themselves stick. Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert are good actors, and in *Tovarich* they impersonate successfully a pair of exiled and aristocratic White Russians; Basil Rathbone is impressive as ever as Commissar Gorotchenko. But what was, on the stage, fairly broad comedy becomes, according to natural laws, farce on the screen; there is a scene for example in which a young man expresses his passion for Claudette Colbert by barking like a dog. *Man-Proof* is a matrimonial tangle with Myrna Loy in pursuit of a dreary cad, and herself pursued by a slightly less dreary newspaper reporter (Franchot Tone). I like Miss Loy's comic air of being a cut above the company she keeps and a cut, too, above the lines she has to deliver. Her slow, clear, half-burlesqued way of talking is delightful, and I look forward to her reappearance in a better film than

REIMANN SCHOOL
PRINCIPAL AUSTIN COOPER
DISPLAY
COMMERCIAL ART
FASHION
PHOTOGRAPHY
PROSPECTUS 4-10, REGENCY STREET, S.W.1 VIC. 3131

this. *I Met My Love Again* has one of the daftest stories ever concocted, but it contains a brilliant performance by Louise Platt as an infatuated college girl anxious to play Héloise to Professor Henry Fonda's Abélard, and some pleasant glimpses of a mixed biology class in an American university.

Lastly there is Mae West. Here she is again, with the expensive fittings, the husky invitation to sin, and the Aphrodite Pandemos wobble. This is the matron; Hollywood's own monumental matron, putting the boys through their paces, encouraging the bashful, and changing the sheets every so often. *Every Day's a Holiday* is quite a good Western, it plays in the Nineties as all Mae Westerns should, but it is far too pure. Vice was always the principal compensation for the boredom of school life; and now that, too, is torn from our grasp.

PETER GALWAY

MUSICAL ENTERPRISE

ONE of the social problems of the age is that of bringing the consumer and the producer of works of art into contact. The moment we use the words "consumer" and "producer" in the place of "audience" and "artist" it makes clear that this particular problem is only a part of a more general economic and social problem with which I am not here concerned. With the problem of the relations between consumer and producer of works of art, especially in respect of music, it is very much my business, for I have to explain from genuine first-hand experience what the difficulties are.

First of all I have to say I disagree with those who straightway declare that the position is hopeless and that nothing can be done until everything is done; or, in other words, that we must wait for a complete social revolution before we can hope to alter anything for the better. Every enthusiast has moods when he thinks, or, at least, talks in that way, but reason and experience and a cool head refute its truth absolutely, although diehards and hotheads will never admit it. Politicians may be willing to wait for revolutions but artists never can, simply because art is long and life short. What is the problem to-day? It is very acute and it is this. With universal education and the general rise in the standard of living, both in real wages and in increased hours of leisure, there is an immensely larger number of consumers than ever before. The middle-man has thousands of customers to whom he can sell products to every one he had sixty years ago. But with this increase in numbers has gone a lowering of the standard, because it no longer pays to consider the tastes of minorities. Not only does it not pay but it may even involve him in loss, for with the potentially larger number of consumers to be reached costs have gone up all round, since they are based on the possible profits of selling to tens of thousands, not to hundreds of people. It is useless to condemn the middle-man for this, since every government and institution will be under constant pressure to behave in the same way. There will always be the inclination in a governing body to favour and attend to its own majorities. That is why revolutions are useless and quite powerless to improve social life, unless the social conscience and general opinion is sufficiently enlightened to refuse to be herded into mass camps of opinion upon important questions.

In music the impresarios and the racketeers of music have it almost all their own way in America, where they are most powerfully organised, and throughout the United States the musical public can only get what music is organised for them. These organisers, when they arrange concerts for a town of say 50,000 people, are not at all interested in what the 900 or 1,500 discriminating persons want; they are concerned only with what they can induce 5,000 or 6,000 to swallow. The minority, that discriminating section of the public which through greater love and study is the only public to which the enterprising and serious artist can look to for support, is utterly unable to give him that support. Such people are in the position of voters in an election who not only cannot choose the candidates they vote for, but only have one sort of candidate proffered to them. Between the artist and the public there is now an almost impassable gulf in every country, not only in America but also in Russia, Germany and Italy, since although in Russia it may not be commercial interests which stand between the artist and the public, official interests play the same role and the business impresario is replaced by the official impresario, who has, of course, a non-artistic axe to grind.

What is the remedy for this state of things, which has almost ruined the theatre in this country and will ruin music eventually if it should prevail? There is only one remedy that I can see, and that is co-operation of artists helped by disinterested patrons—individual or social—to bring their work directly before the public. It is because the London Theatre Concerts constitute an effort of this kind that I am drawing attention to their work.

This monthly series of concerts at popular prices given by an association of young musicians on Sunday nights at the Cambridge Theatre has so far proved a great success. The present and first season has been devoted entirely to works by Mozart, and it has fulfilled the promoters' intentions by giving performances of a number of fine works which are very little known to the general musical public, both vocal and instrumental; such, for example, as the whole of the motet, *Exsultate, jubilate* (K.165), the Recit. and aria *Misero O Sogno* (K.431), the pianoforte concerto in C (K.503) and the Symphony No. 33 in B flat (K.319). Everyone of these works is of the highest quality; but these are only a few taken at random from the programmes of the series. In addition these concerts have given an opportunity to a number of gifted young musicians—Miss Betty Humby, Mr. William Glock, Mr. Haigh Marshall among others—to appear before the public. What distinguishes these concerts from so many others is the spirit of enthusiasm and devotion to the music on the part of the performers. At last Sunday's concert the orchestra, admirably led by Mr. George Stratton, gave a most enjoyable performance of the Symphony in B flat (K.319), under Mr. Bernhard Ord. Mr. William Glock, who has already made a reputation for himself as a musical critic among the discerning, played the C major (K.503) concerto with a precision and certainty of aim and a musical understanding that were quite astonishing from a pianist making his first public appearance with orchestra. When he acquires more freedom and a greater command of sonority he will be a welcome addition to the small number of pianists who are musically equipped to play the concertos of Mozart.

The fifth concert, on Sunday, February 13th, will be devoted to chamber music, and the Griller Quartet, assisted by Mr. William Glock, Mr. Reginald Kell and others, will play Mozart's Clarinet Quintet (K.581), Trio for pianoforte, violin and 'cello in E (K.542), the String Quartet in G minor and the Trio for clarinet, viola and pianoforte in E flat (K.498). Most of these works are absolutely unknown to the London musical public, and I can assure music-lovers from what I have heard at previous concerts that this music will be given performances that are praiseworthy from every point of view. This is an experimental season and deserves the support of every lover of music. At subsequent concerts Mr. John Hunt, Mr. Clifford Curzon, Mr. Jean Pougnet and Miss Betty Humby will appear, and every programme contains various fine and comparatively unknown works by Mozart.

So far the season has been an absolute triumph for Mozart. Last Sunday's was the fifth Sunday evening devoted wholly to his compositions, the variety and power of which is only fully to be realised when one has such an opportunity of testing it. These young musicians are on the right path, but in praising their activities I must conclude with a reference to the long-established excellent chamber concerts on Sundays at South Place, which are still functioning although their chief promoter, Mr. Clements, a retired master printer, has just recently died at an advanced age. They are held at the Conway Hall every Sunday evening at 6.30, and have been a constant source of pleasure to Londoners for fifty years.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Gabo at the London Gallery

Cleanly geometrical in design and very nicely made, M. Gabo's constructions give pleasure to the eye. But this pleasure seems more akin to that given by a supercharged Mercédès or a Cartier cigarette-case than to the incomparably deeper satisfaction we get from a work by Maillol or Verrocchio. M. Gabo indeed might be called the Fabergé of the Machine Age: the exquisite futility of the objects made by the Russian Court jeweller in enamel, crystal, gold and precious stones is repeated in these expensive contraptions of glass and talc. But whereas pre-war Grand Dukes and financiers liked baroque forms, the modern luxury-object, whether it be a motor car, a girl friend or a drawing-room ornament, has to be spare, undecorated and streamlined. M. Gabo has left the U.S.S.R., where the reaction in favour of nineteenth-century ornament seems to be extreme, and is now working in London. While we cannot attach to his work the importance given to it by some of his admirers, he certainly is a very tasteful craftsman; and we wish that he could harness his undoubted talents to some more practical if less ambitious activity, such as designing lighting-fixtures.

The Leicester Galleries

From a Russian painter who has spent the best part of his working life in France, we know pretty well what to expect. His art will be *Ecole de Paris*. M. Boberman, however, who shows some thirty pictures in the outer room at the Leicester Galleries, differs from the ruck of the foreign legion in that he is modest and discreet. The best of his oil-paintings is probably the very Parisian street-scene called *Vaugirard*; and it is pity he should have spelt it *Vaujirard*, because that will make people laugh and there is nothing laughable about the picture. He has talent; but that it is not of a kind to set the Seine on fire may perhaps be inferred from the fact that the best things in his show are the *gouaches*, which are personal in colour and nicely drawn. In the further room we find an English sculptor, Mr. Trevor Tennant, whose work can hardly be described as modest, but who also has talent. At present he is a typical schoolman of the Zadkine, Henry Moore persuasion. But he has a very pretty gift for carving wood. He will have to make up his mind whether he wishes to create form or give us his views on psychology. In too much of what we are shown the over-expressive facial grimaces swear with the highly simplified masses which compose the bodies. A not unpromising first show.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 21st—
- Opening of St. Pancras and Holborn Spain Week. Programme from Spain Week Committee, 6 Gordon Square, W.C.1.
- Dr. Nikolaus Pevsner on "Painter, Sculptor and Designer," Reimann School, 4–10 Regency Street, S.W.1, 8.

SATURDAY, January 22nd—
- Exhibition of Chinese Art (till January 28th), 9 Conduit Street. Speaker at 5, Frederick Wilson, at 6.30, Chiang Yee.

SUNDAY, January 23rd—
- Har Dayal on "Whither France?" Conway Hall, 11.
- "Forcing House," Contemporary Theatre, 53 Finchley Road, 5 and 8.30.
- Hugh Gaitskell on "The Threatening Slump," 86 Rochester Row, 8.

TUESDAY, January 25th—
- Prof. G. E. G. Catlin on "The Labour Party and the Peace Pledge Union," Friends House, 1.20.
- Prof. W. M. Macmillan on "The Roots of African Backwardness," first lecture of University Extension Series on "Africa in the Modern Age," Royal Empire Society, Northumberland Ave., 6.30.
- Charles Duff on "The History of Hell," Conway Hall, 7.
- Major-Gen. A. C. Temperley on "The Fighting Forces of Europe," Morley College, 8.
- "Volpone," Westminster.

WEDNESDAY, January 26th—
- India League Meeting, Memorial Hall, 8.
- Spanish Concert, St. Pancras Town Hall, 8.
- "Nine Sharp!" Little.

THURSDAY, January 27th—
- First of series of lunch-hour addresses on "The Christian's Duty in Regard to War," Christ Church, Westminster, 1.20.
- G. P. Gooch on "The Outlook in Europe," Livingstone Hall, 8.
- Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queens Hall. 8.15.
- "Horoscope," Vic-Wells Ballet, Sadler's Wells.

Our Net Sales

HALF-YEAR, JULY 1 to DECEMBER 31, 1937

WE have examined the Books and Accounts of The Statesman and Nation Publishing Company Limited and certify that the average Net Sales per issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION during the period 1st July 1937 to 31st December 1937 after deducting all free and voucher copies and returns received during the same period and arrived at in accordance with the formula prepared by the Audit Bureau of Circulations, Ltd., were

24,977 copies

IN ADDITION to this average of 24,977 copies there has been over the same period a weekly average sale of 1,152 introductory subscription copies at a reduced rate making a

total weekly net sale of 26,129 copies

over the half-year under review.

January 1, 1938
19a, Coleman Street, E.C.2.

(*Signed*) HAMILTON EDDY & ROWAND,
Chartered Accountants.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

It is no reproach to me that you have never filled my heart with an all-sufficing passion; perhaps you are even yourself a stranger to these impulses, which one day may be awakened by some nobler and worthier than me; and may you find a lover as passionate and faithful, as I shall ever be a friend affectionate and sincere! Shall I not be more than a friend? Oh, far more—Brother, Father of your child, so dear as it is to us both, for its own sake and because we love each other. . . . Can your feelings for me differ in their nature from those which I cherish towards you? Are you my lover whilst I am only your friend, the brother of your heart? If they do not the purest and most perfect happiness is ours. I wish that you could see Mary; to the most indifferent eyes she would be interesting . . .

No words could express more clearly Shelley's complete unawareness of what his nineteen-year-old wife was likely to feel about his elopement with a girl of sixteen; and his belief that he was acting rightly. Curiously enough, this letter, which was one of the pieces of evidence used to blacken his character by the Westbrooks in the proceedings before the Court of Chancery to determine the custody of his children, and which was first brought to light by Dr. Hotson and published in 1930, is not mentioned in the new life: *Mary Shelley: A Biography*, by R. Glynn Grylls (Oxford, 18*s*.), in which "chatter about Harriet" is relegated to an appendix. Yet *Shelley's Lost Letters to Harriet* deserve more than to be mentioned in a footnote: they are vitally important documents, since they settle forever the questions which were raised afterwards, when excuses were being sought to justify Shelley's behaviour according to Victorian ideas of sexual morality. The passage I have quoted shows that Shelley did not believe that Harriet had been unfaithful to him, and that he believed that, purely from a regard to her happiness, he hoped that she might find a lover. It was Godwin who first put about the story that Harriet had been unfaithful, while long afterwards Claire said that Mary had stated it as a fact, and Hogg persuaded Sir Percy and Lady Shelley that Peacock was the "guilty" party. All these allegations are remarkable as attempts to justify Shelley's conduct by notions of morality which filled him with abhorrence. Mary must bear some responsibility for this, since she brought up her son to adopt a false picture of his father. It was all of a piece with her suppressing the dedication to Harriet in *Queen Mab* and publishing the poem without the all-important notes. In the same way she had insisted on bowdlerising passages in Trelawny's *Adventures of a Younger Son*, which was a very great pity. Trelawny's excess of romanticism would be corrected by touches of grossness, just as Juliet gains reality thanks to the language of her nurse.

* * *

I have read Mrs. Grylls's *Mary Shelley*, comparing it chapter by chapter with the *Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley* by Mrs. Julian Marshall, published in 1889, which it follows remarkably closely. Mrs. Grylls does, of course, provide some new material, restoring certain important paragraphs to letters of Shelley's, or of Mary's, from which they were omitted by Dowden and by Mrs. Marshall. To most readers, however, these additions, the text of two unpublished poems by Mary and the various corrections which Mrs. Grylls has been able to make to the text of other documents, will be of less importance than the picture which she gives of those most charming and delightful Victorians, Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, who divided their time between yachting and getting up amateur theatricals in their private theatre. Sir Percy wrote plays, composed music and painted scenery, and he and his wife were excellent actors. Their friends, Irving, the Trees, and the Kendals were frequently either in the audience or in the cast of Sir Percy's productions. Mary is said to have sent him to Harrow "so that he should learn to think like everyone else," and though she was to some extent successful, his education did not check the warm affection and generosity which he had inherited from his father.

* * *

But though Mrs. Grylls's biography is in some ways more accurate and is fuller of details about Mary's later life and her relations with her son than Mrs. Marshall was able to be, writing while he was alive, the earlier chapters lack the freshness which is the great merit of her book. Mrs. Grylls nowhere gives such a vivid picture of living people as she achieves in her account of Mary's girlhood, or of Shelley, Mary and Claire setting off to walk across parts of France which had just been ravaged by Cossacks, and were full of disbanded troops, pushing before them a donkey which was too weak to walk without assistance. Mrs. Grylls, in a footnote, says that to ask the question, "Why did they take Claire?" is to impound logic. But surely the answer is that she learned that they intended to elope and insisted on going with them. No doubt she could paint herself to Shelley as a victim of her mother's tyranny while Mary would have been too afraid of her betraying their plans to refuse to allow her to come. For a few weeks the excitement of being their travelling companion was perhaps enough, but when they were all three back in England it is clear that Claire repeatedly tried to make Shelley her lover. Neither Mrs. Grylls nor Mrs. Marshall points this out, yet her continual hysterical scenes, her complaints of Shelley's cruelty, and her night terrors which could only be exorcised by Shelley sitting on her bed, can bear no other interpretation and are the methods which girls employ far more frequently than they do those of Venus with Adonis. Nothing more conclusively proves Shelley's rigid adherence to his own principles than Claire's failure. Byron was no doubt speaking the truth when he described her as "a foolish girl . . . would come after me. I could not exactly play the stoic." Her failure with Shelley lends point to her phrase for Shelley and Mary as "the philosophers of Otaheite." Intended as a sneer, it was an accurate enough description. One of Mary's letters shows that she was afraid Claire might succeed in her design, and in her letter to Mrs. Hoppner, the frequent repetitions of her denial that Claire had been Shelley's mistress indicate that the accusation was less unthinkable to her than it had been to Shelley, when Byron repeated the story which Mr. Hoppner had made him promise not to reveal. Mary's letter, the full text of which is here given us, was handed to Byron to forward but was found among his papers after his death. Mrs. Grylls chooses to believe that Byron did forward it—because the seal is broken—and that Hoppner sent it back. This seems to me inherently improbable. Byron certainly would wish to conceal his indiscretion from Hoppner by suppressing the letter, and no doubt broke the seal in order to read it again. He was probably always doubtful about Shelley's relations with Claire, and suspicions driven away by the sight of Shelley returned when he left. Mary's married life, during which she had four children and a serious miscarriage, lasted eight years. Only Percy lived. It was natural that she should feel a violent reaction from a way of life which had been marked by so much sorrow, and that suffering should increase the asperity of her character. Suffering injures more often than it ennobles. Almost everyone whom Shelley knew, with the exception of Trelawny, borrowed money from him. Of these borrowers only Godwin deserves blame. If Shelley had lived, we should not have heard about his "dear" friends. Such reproaches, natural enough from the friends of a widow in rather straitened circumstances, give a wrong perspective to Shelley's friendships, and, like the hints about Harriet, helped to justify him to the Victorians who valued money as highly as they did chastity. Shelley was more sensible. Godwin's real crime was not perpetual sponging, but his astounding selfishness and coldness to his own child. His letters on Shelley's death, and rebuking Mary for being heart-broken at the death of her little Willmouse, are horrible.

DAVID GARNETT

BOOKS ON PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

THE HOGARTH PRESS and THE INSTITUTE OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS publish the most scientific works on psycho-analysis. They are now starting a new cheap series for the ordinary reader under the title:

PSYCHO-ANALYTICAL EPITOMES

The first Epitome is an anthology of Freud's works for the general reader.

SIGMUND FREUD:
A GENERAL SELECTION

Edited by John Rickman, M.D.

Gives in Freud's own words the main features of his works in less than 85,000 words.

Cr. 8vo. *300 pages* **5s.** *net*

The second Epitome consists of two lectures on recent researches.

LOVE, HATE AND REPARATION

By Melanie Klein and Joan Riviere

Discusses some aspects of the emotional life of ordinary men and women, illustrated by everyday examples.

Cr. 8vo. *119 pages* **3s. 6d.** *net*

Two new volumes in the

INTERNATIONAL PSYCHO-ANALYTICAL LIBRARY

THE EGO & THE MECHANISMS OF DEFENCE

By Anna Freud

"Worthy of her father at his best. . . . A careful account of that aspect of psychology which has aroused the greatest interest among Viennese psycho-analysts for many years—the non-sexual components of the mind." *The Northern Despatch.*

Demy 8vo. **9s.** *net*

DREAM ANALYSIS

By Ella Sharpe

"It seems to me clear, accurate and valuable, carefully based on experiment and individual cases. . . . She treats her subject with a wealth of detail which must make it of the greatest value for practitioners of psycho-analysis, and with a clarity and plausibility fascinating for interested laymen." *Time and Tide.*

Demy 8vo. **10s. 6d.** *net*

Books already published in the International Psycho-Analytical Library.

ADDRESSES ON PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. J. J. Putnam. 12s. 6d.
THE PSYCHO-ANALYTIC STUDY OF THE FAMILY. J. C. Flügel. 10s. 6d.
BEYOND THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE. Sigmund Freud. 6s.
ESSAYS IN APPLIED PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. Ernest Jones. 18s.
GROUP PSYCHOLOGY AND THE ANALYSIS OF THE EGO. Sigmund Freud. 7s. 6d.
COLLECTED PAPERS OF SIGMUND FREUD. In four volumes at 21s. each.
FURTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE THEORY AND TECHNIQUE OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. S. Ferenczi 28s.
THE EGO AND THE ID. Sigmund Freud. 6s.
SELECTED PAPERS OF KARL ABRAHAM. 30s.
INDEX PSYCHO-ANALYTICUS, 1893-1926. J. Rickman. 18s.
THE FUTURE OF AN ILLUSION. Sigmund Freud. 6s.
THE MEANING OF SACRIFICE. R. Money-Kyrle 18s.
CIVILISATION AND ITS DISCONTENTS. Sigmund Freud. 8s. 6d.
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CLOTHES. J. C. Flügel. 21s.
RITUAL. T. Reik. 21s.
ON THE NIGHTMARE. Ernest Jones. 21s.
THE DEFEAT OF BAUDELAIRE. René Laforgue. 10s. 6d.
THE PSYCHO-ANALYSIS OF CHILDREN. Melanie Klein. 18s.
PSYCHO-ANALYSIS OF THE NEUROSES. Helene Deutsch. 10s. 6d.
NEW INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. Sigmund Freud. 10s. 6d.
THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX. G. Róheim. 18s.
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STUDY. Sigmund Freud. 6s.
THE UNKNOWN MURDERER. T. Reik. 12s. 6d.
INHIBITIONS, SYMPTOMS AND ANXIETY. Sigmund Freud. 6s.

THE HOGARTH PRESS, 52 TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

CORRESPONDENT IN U.S.S.R.

Assignment in Utopia. By EUGENE LYONS. *Harrap.* 15s.

This book must delight the Right and grieve the Left. It is one of the most uncompromising and in some respects the most damaging attack yet made upon the U.S.S.R. For it is impossible merely to dismiss Mr. Lyons as a prejudiced and ignorant observer. He was the United Press correspondent in Moscow for six years, learnt Russian, knew Russians of many types and only gradually learnt to hate the regime and still more gradually to express his hatred. He came from the American proletariat, was in the centre of the fight for Sacco and Vanzetti, and worked for Tass, the Soviet Agency, in the United States. He became United Press correspondent at the advice of his Communist friends, who were glad to think that so ardent a comrade would occupy a key position for the interpretation of Russia in the American press. He describes the waning of his enthusiasm; his reasons for compromising in his messages; his vacation in the United States in 1929 when he still vigorously defended the regime (partly because the complacency of rich women in the United States made him feel Bolshevik and partly because he wanted to return as a friendly correspondent to Moscow) his final disillusion and horror during the famine period of 1933, his quarrels with the censor and final expulsion from Russia. He ends with a short account of his tour through Europe, where he found Germany and Italy as hateful as the U.S.S.R. His conclusion is that the doctrine that the end justifies the means is destroying civilisation, that the choice is not between Communism and Fascism, but between regimes that acknowledge fundamental human values and those that do not. His Russian experience has been, he declares, "less a disillusionment than a rededication. . . . I am able once more to affirm without shame the value of such things as justice, humaneness, truth, liberty, intellectual integrity and human dignity."

All this is impressive. But certain allowances must be made. An impartial student of this book—if such a book could have an impartial student in 1938—would remember that there is no one so bitter as the disillusioned idealist, that the fact that Mr. Lyons naively believed it his mission to report Utopia may in itself account for much of his present bitterness. Mr. Lyons for reasons, as he explains, partly reputable and partly less reputable bottled up his feelings for years and finally lets them explode in the molten stream that is this book. He left Russia in unhappy circumstances, and had qualified as a disgruntled person before his departure. Moreover, though Mr. Lyons worked hard in the U.S.S.R. for six years, his experience was limited; the life of an Agency man, as he tells us many times, consisted in trying to get scoops over his colleagues and rivals. Mr. Lyons was good at this, but it seems to have meant that he very seldom left Moscow. He does not seem to have had any frequent or intimate contact with factory workers or peasants. His general picture of Soviet Russia is of a sort of gloomy hell. This I do not believe to be true, even during the terrible year in which Mr. Lyons lost his faith. He seems, for instance, to have missed or forgotten the contagious enthusiasm and idealism of the younger generation.

Almost the only encouraging chapter in this long book contains the account of the interview which Stalin gave to Mr. Lyons. It is an altogether charming account of a natural, shrewd and kindly character. Mr. Lyons accepts that picture as true and reiterates that he liked and still likes Stalin. Yet elsewhere in the book he constantly emphasises that all power came into Stalin's hands, shows that the Government was and is Stalin and places on the Government's shoulders all the responsibility for the horrors of the great famine of 1933. Mr. Lyons has not, I feel, thought out his thesis. He saw fanaticism and suffering on a vast scale; he tried for a long time to swallow it and apologise for it. Finally it turned his stomach. I am glad it did. But these are not the circumstances in which one gets an objective picture.

There is corroborative evidence for some of Mr. Lyons's description of G.P.U. methods. (It is typical of his limitations that he says nothing of the real prospect of improvement that appeared before the murder of Kiroff—a time when prominent leaders of the Party would whisper to you that they really believed that at length the tyranny of the G.P.U. was at an end.) When he deals with the bureaucratic timidity and exasperating inefficiency which we all know to exist in the U.S.S.R. he forgets that he is describing something immemorably characteristic of Russia rather than especially Soviet. (But one can forgive the exasperation of a man who went through the experience he describes of taking his wife to hospital.) More serious there is no longer any reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of his account of the great cruelty and horrible effects of the "liquidation" of the kulaks. It is in dealing with this period, however, that Mr. Lyons will probably meet with most criticism, and it is here that one finds the crux of the central argument that arises from this book.

After the worst of the famine was over Communists in private conversation at least were ready to admit that the cost of collectivisation had been terrible (Stalin's "giddy-with-success" speech came too late), and they no longer denied in private at least that the loss of half the livestock of Russia was a disaster of the first magnitude, that those kulaks who had not died had been set to work to construct canals in conditions that were in effect forced labour, and that so far from being immediately successful the huge collective farms remained in many cases for a long time tragically wasteful and inefficient. It is only out of Russia that Communists will now be found to deny all this. The official reply takes another form. It is briefly that the end justifies the means, that Stalin saw that the U.S.S.R. had not long to go before it would be attacked by ravaging capitalist Powers unless it was strong and self-sufficient. Strength and self-sufficiency involved a plan to co-ordinate agricultural and industrial expansion; Socialism could not be safe until Russia was free from the two menaces of dependence on foreign capital and dependence on the individualistic peasantry, which could dictate to the town proletariat because of its stranglehold on the food supply. Therefore all speed was essential and all violence justified.

Apart altogether from the difficult ethical problem involved, the answer to this thesis is that to disregard human feeling and human instinct on the scale in which it was disregarded in this monstrous enterprise was not Communist "firmness" and all the rest of it, but gross inefficiency. It cost Russia not only the lives of men and of animals, but also the goodwill of many who would have been friends of the regime and who could have been persuaded to co-operate. The plot which has been put down in 1937—I believe there to have been a plot—would never have reached these dimensions but for the heritage of

Somerset Maugham.

Readers of *The Summing-Up* will be interested also in the authorized biography, *Somerset Maugham* by RICHARD CORDELL, in which his life and the achievements of his many-sided genius are reviewed objectively. James Agate calls this book "a brilliant study of a brilliant writer." With a portrait. 8/6 net. From any library.

Approach to Shakespeare.

Edited by Dr. RICHARD WILSON. A combination of *Lamb's Tales*, with extracts from the plays, a biography by Mrs. ANDREW LANG, and many illustrations. *Nelson Classics*, 1/6 net.

NELSON

35 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

IS ALL MILK SAFE TO DRINK?

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY

THE PUBLIC is being vigorously instructed to drink milk. And the public is responding.

Well, the importance of milk as a food is supreme. No other single food can be compared to it. Nevertheless, while this milk propaganda is to the good, it is not all to the good.

The British Medical Association, representing medical opinion in this country, was recently impelled to pass the following resolution. It is a disquieting resolution. It declares:

> *'Only milk complying with the conditions required for the designations "tuberculin tested," or "pasteurized," or preferably both, can be safely consumed without boiling.'*

THIS RESOLUTION was passed, and it is now publicly repeated, in the interests of the nation's health. Abundant evidence shows that pasteurizing milk does not significantly affect its value as food.

This resolution has been strikingly reinforced by the Bulletin of the Health Organization of the League of Nations which records the 'considered and emphatic opinion that all liquid milk for human consumption should be adequately pasteurized or boiled.'

THE FACTS ABOUT UNSAFE MILK

SOME 6,000 PERSONS are killed on the road every year in Great Britain. There is much public anxiety, and some agitation in consequence. And yet there is little anxiety, and less agitation about the deaths from bovine tuberculosis. About 2,000 deaths a year in Great Britain are due to this disease. And this disease is carried by unsafe milk.

Further, during the past 24 years there have been over 100 outbreaks of epidemic diseases — scarlet fever, enteric fever, diphtheria, paratyphoid, and septic sore throat — all borne by unsafe milk. These outbreaks would cease if all milk were made safe.

In 1929 in one town alone 1,000 families were affected by such an epidemic, and 65 people died.

In another outbreak in 1936, there were 718 cases of infection and 51 people died. Every primary case had drunk milk from the same source of supply. As soon as this milk was made safe primary cases ceased. So many more deaths were prevented.

MILK MUST BE MADE SAFE

Issued by the

BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION • TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

Representing 37,000 doctors in all branches of the profession

hatred left over from 1933; if German and Trotskyite agents have made headway in Russia, that, as Communists would be the first to argue in the case of any other country, is in part a commentary on the Government responsible for the discontent. I shall be far more hopeful for the cause of Socialism in the world when the Left is honestly ready to admit such facts, when it combines its proper support of the gigantic effort to obtain Socialism in Russia with a realisation that that effort requires criticism as well as support, and that the laws of good government and of human nature are not reversed merely by declaring that they are flouted in the interests of Socialism.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEW NOVELS

Wheel of Fortune. By ALBERTO MORAVIA. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Prodigal Parents. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Finding myself somehow reluctant to put Signor Moravia's novel first, I found, on reflection, that it was not because he is young, comparatively unknown in England, and possibly (although from indirect evidence, I doubt it) a Fascist. It was because his book, unlike that of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, proclaimed no message. Everyday life and its prospects in Europe have become such an intimidatingly grave affair that it seemed almost indecent to give pride of place to a production which concerns itself entirely with the ruthless squabblings of a few ne'er-do-wells in the contemporary Roman (of all places) smart set. I remembered in time, however, that novels, and not messages, are presumably what my readers are after, and that there was little doubt which, of those to be reviewed, was the best. *Wheel of Fortune* is a book worth buying, for once, and putting, with Silone, on the library shelf.

Signor Moravia is twenty-nine. This is the first of his two novels, both of which have had great success in Italy, to be published here, and it is regrettable that Mr. Livingston, the translator, has occasionally allowed himself the over-picturesque word. The book itself is of a kind which is apt, in this country, to receive inadequate notices: the people it describes are unpleasant, dominated by the ignoblest motives, and are patterns of what to avoid. The keynote, moreover, is one of turbid and insistent gloom, only relieved by the wryest and driest of comedy. Whether it succeeds in England or not, however, and even with this one volume only as testimony, there can be no question about the author's extraordinary talent.

It is an immensely long novel, and its chief fault, which is probably due to a certain immaturity, is certainly the dogged emphasising of frustration and all-round failure. Such bias is unendurable in any but the exceptionally gifted writer: in his case, especially if one feels that it will pass, it becomes excusable, and temporarily acceptable. It even becomes entertaining. His theme is based on a struggle between the representatives of two social levels. On the one hand is Andreina, unprincipled, scheming, beautiful, penniless, with her pathetic relations; on the other is the Tanzillo family. The Marchese Matteo Tanzillo is an elderly, nice, hopelessly vacillating creature who depends for money on his wife, Maria Luisa, and who cannot decide whether or no to give in to her, which would mean abandoning Andreina, whom he keeps. Maria Luisa, ageing, chaste, snobbish and desperate, is Andreina's formidable enemy. Dodging between the two sides is an ineffectually idealistic, socially ambitious journalist called Pietro, who is engaged to Sofia, Matteo's lively, plain, meddling sister. There are, of course, subsidiary characters and ramifications, but there is little space for them here. It is Maria's murder by Andreina, when the latter loses financial security and Matteo, that forms the climax of the story.

Taken as a whole, it is as savage an indictment of the good-timing class as any moralist could desire. Its interest and value for some, however, will lie less in that than in the author's astonishing ability to create situations in which tragedy is deliberately given that commonplace twist which brings it thoroughly to life. Signor Moravia is a master, already, of the excruciatingly inappropriate accompaniment and interruption.

There is a particularly telling moment when Andreina finally dismisses Matteo, who has arrived, immaculately dressed, to entreat her to continue their affair. She is getting near the end of her tether, and the murder. She summons her maid, Cecilia, and orders her to wash the floor. It should be remembered that Matteo is the real master of the house, and that this is one of the most crucial moments in the drama:

> "Now what a mess that is there!" Andreina continued, addressing Cecilia, pointing to the floor between Matteo's feet. . . . Busily thinking of just how he would formulate his proposal in the presence of a third party, Matteo had not been expecting the maid's attack. He gave a surprised start, arresting the advancing broom with the sole of his shoe.
>
> "Why, Cecilia!" he cried, "what is getting into you? Have you gone crazy, too? Don't you see that I am here?"
>
> "Don't mind him, Cecilia!" cried Andreina, cold, resolved, frowning. "There's nothing but dirt in sight there! Mop it up—there—and there—and there!" And at every "there" there was a rush of the heavy wet rag toward those two well-shod feet, and a corresponding movement on their part to avoid it.

I might add that although the matter of this novel may seem exaggeratedly doleful, it makes unusually enjoyable reading.

Mr. Lewis has written a bee-in-the-bonnet book. He has failed, this time, in giving life to political ideas, which he himself achieved in *It Can't Happen Here*. Again, a practised technical virtuosity comes to the rescue, but again, except here and there, without avail. And the trouble, as with so many novels by less experienced hands, is quite simply that the author has neglected the vehicle for the idea, the person for the propaganda. Nevertheless, Mr. Lewis could not, if he tried, turn his characters wholly into gramophones, and most people will find parts, at least, of *The Prodigal Parents* decidedly amusing. The idea behind it reminds one of Mr. Maugham's play, *The Breadwinner*, but in this American version the Revolt of Age has been given a topical direction. Mr. Cornplow, the father, is one of the author's amiable, bluff, slightly puzzled, essentially liberal business-men, with a little round wife to match. They are prosperous, and have a scatter-brained "Norse godling" of a college boy for a son, and an intolerably arrogant, superior daughter. Both the children get temporarily converted to Communism, and expect their father to stump up for their paper, *Protest and Progress*. They expect him to pay for everything else, too, and that is Mr. Lewis's idea. Eventually, the elder Cornplows run away to Europe, and they are pursued by the clamouring children to the dock's edge: these passages in the story appear peculiarly capable and veracious.

Mr. Lewis has chosen to make the children silly and unserious for his own purposes. Everything considered, I am not sure

"NEW WRITING is an anthology one looks forward to"
CYRIL CONNOLLY IN THE "NEW STATESMAN"

NEW WRITING

IS PUBLISHED TWICE A YEAR AT SIX SHILLINGS AND EDITED BY JOHN LEHMANN

No. 4, which contained a rich variety of unpublished poems, stories and reportage received the highest praise on all sides.

DESMOND MACCARTHY said in THE SUNDAY TIMES:

"There is a certain obligation not to ignore so significant a publication as NEW WRITING."

THE LISTENER said:

"It is the Yellow Book of the thirties. If Mr. Lehmann continues to do his job so efficiently his name will go down to literary history as one of the truly inspired editors."

LIFE AND LETTERS TO-DAY said:

"One of the three or four periodicals which no one interested in the writing of our time can afford to ignore. We look to it for international discoveries, for young writers feeling their way, and for the work of well-known progressive authors."

NEW WRITING

is rapidly becoming an established institution and complete sets are increasingly in demand. No. 1 is now out of print, but you may still order copies of Nos. 2, 3 and 4 (2nd impression now ready) from your Bookseller, or, if you are a member of the L.B.C., direct from the publishers at 2, Parton Street, W.C.1.

LAWRENCE AND WISHART LIMITED

MIDLAND BANK

LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1836

Chairman:
THE RIGHT HON. R. McKENNA

Deputy Chairmen:
W. G. BRADSHAW, C.B.E.
S. CHRISTOPHERSON

Managing Director: FREDERICK HYDE

Statement of Accounts

December 31, 1937

LIABILITIES	£
Capital paid up	15,152,811
Reserve Fund	12,404,799
Current, Deposit & other Accounts	497,796,590
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	12,079,911
Engagements	8,650,035
ASSETS	
Coin, Notes and Balances with the Bank of England	53,968,247
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	18,700,856
Money at Call and Short Notice ...	25,449,442
Investments at or under market value	117,386,191
Bills Discounted	30,625,876
British Treasury Bills	52,532,678
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	208,198,218
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	20,729,946
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	8,837,516
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	843,533
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	937,500
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of:	
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. ...	1,755,707
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd. ...	3,141,173
North of Scotland Bank Ltd....	2,540,326
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	436,937

The Midland Bank and its Affiliated Banks operate 2600 branches in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and have agents and correspondents in all parts of the world.

Head Office:
POULTRY, LONDON, E.C. 2

Do You Know?

The funny man, in the guise of Mother Hubbard, sent the pantomime audience into fits of laughter each time he drawled, in a confidential stage whisper, "D-o Y-o-u K-n-o-w?"

Do you know that in the past twelve years we have written nearly one hundred of these advertisements? That is roughly 30,000 words, about the length of a precious novel or enough to fill an average-sized issue of "The New Statesman and Nation."

Our wonder is that we have anything more to say, and we haven't! The truth is that we have said nothing new these twelve years, which is what many writers would admit if they were as honest as Goss!

But some writers are masters at saying the same things over and over again and not seeming to. We envy them their cleverness, perhaps as much as they envy us our skill in tailoring! They can so clothe a simple incident with well-chosen words as to make it look remarkable, whilst we only clothe men in well-chosen materials, with no guarantee that *they* will look remarkable.

So this one-hundred-and-first Goss advertisement must make its inevitable descent to earth at this point, first to thank all those readers of this paper who have not merely said—"Yes, I must give Goss a trial," but have done it. Their number has steadily grown through the twelve years, not only as a direct result of these advertisements, but, and this is even more satisfying to Goss, many of the new customers have come through recommendation.

The Goss brothers are individual tailors, individual in the truest meaning of the word. They admit that much has been done in mass tailoring during recent years, just as progress has been made in mass everything else, but they refuse to believe that a suit made for a lay figure somewhere about your proportions can give as perfect a fit or such lasting satisfaction as clothes individually made by craftsmen. The rock on which mass tailoring must always founder is the fact that the measurements of no two men are exactly alike.

A Goss lounge suit or overcoat of the very best materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing from Six to Eight Guineas for a suit or overcoat. Dress suits from Nine Guineas.

★

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS
Tailoring

15 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

'Phone: City 7159

whether the book was really worth writing—the Youth racket has been exploded, with the unconscious help of the Dictators, long ago. At the same time, I won't deny that there may be some NEW STATESMAN parents who will derive pleasure from this novel in parts, when they are feeling peevish. BRIAN HOWARD

DESERVING RELATIVES

I Had a Sister. By HELEN ASHTON and KATHARINE DAVIES. *Lovat Dickson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

When every Tom, Dick and Harry has been immortalised at half a guinea, some pretext has to be found for doing the work all over again. A biography originally was written for those interested in the subject; then for those interested in the biographer; now its readers care for neither, except incidentally, and a Life goes down like a chicken wing: expensive, colourless under the sauce, and during the intervals of conversation.

The pretext chosen by Helen Ashton and Katharine Davies is as good as another. Great men, it implies, have sisters who, with a due amount of pretty writing and careful illustrations, can be made immortal, too. Both ladies write easily and sympathetically; and of Caroline Herschel and Cassandra Austen it may truly be said that they are deserving sisters of the great. Mary Lamb and Dorothy Wordsworth, on the other hand, whose lives complete the book, cannot conceivably be called obscure. Ease and sympathy are really not enough to justify their reappearance, touching as ever and familiarly strange, in a book of this kind. Mr. Townsend's drawings provide an interesting period touch throughout; but unfortunately the period is 1900. They would look nice in a teashop in Quality Street.

Both the authoresses use a great deal of reading, seem at home in this company, and offer all that is necessary to anybody anxious to spend an hour or two absorbing polite biography. Since their object is to be evocative rather than critical, there is hardly need to comment on such a suggestion as that "a later generation might think all [*The Prelude's*] fourteen books well lost for one of the 'Lucy' poems." In her antipathy to Coleridge and De Quincey, however, Miss Ashton interprets Dorothy Wordsworth's reactions towards them from altogether too prim an angle. In spite of being in fact a maiden aunt she was surely the last person to feel like one. Furthermore, it is not easy to keep absolute confidence in a biographer who sums up "poor Hartley" by the bare comment: "He was nobody's enemy but his own, he died early."

Caroline Herschel's life, first as the family drudge in Hanover, then as her brother's helper in Bath and elsewhere, and at last as a celebrated old lady in Hanover again, is better worth reading. I like her written comment on her own ninety-second birthday:

> I talked and complimented myself into a fever, of course "looking blooming," and am to live to be a hundred years old. What stuff!

A slight stiffening of the all-too-gentle tone of the book brings her into clear focus, whether she is a child rushing out of church in fear of the organ, a grown woman sitting on the wet grass at Slough unenthusiastically searching for comets, or a loving and rather difficult relative.

Katharine Davies has also struggled bravely with the disability that in writing of Cassandra Austen there is so little material to boil down. A very pleasant picture of the Austen family emerges, but no particular Cassandra. ALAN PRYCE-JONES

THE BASQUE TRAGEDY

The Tree of Gernika. By G. L. STEER. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book, after Borkenau's *The Spanish Cockpit*, is by far the best thing written about the Spanish civil war. Mr. Steer, who went from Abyssinia to the Basque provinces, is also by far the best war correspondent. Indignant but no party loud-speaker, horrified but never so caught up in the rhetoric of his own sensations as a civilised man that he loses his day and night appetite for facts of every kind, he has a profound but not deluded sympathy for a trampled cause. He knows the Basque character; at least, he knows how to distinguish it. And he gets, what is so important to any sound report of Spanish affairs, the fluid quality of regional loyalties. One remembers how in the first year of this war the Basques were supposed to be in Miranda and within striking distance of Burgos. What illusion! Marching out of the greyness of Alava, out of that daily touch with their wives and families which alone seemed to give them a corporate sense, they found the brassy sun of Castile too strong for their eyes. Foreign country! They returned as if homesick to the mountain drizzle. They were in this war not to invade but because they wanted to be left alone.

After the fantasies and miseries of Castile there is nothing dramatic about these maritime provinces. They are rich, dour, prosaic and austere. You pass, even in the sunnier inland province of Alava, from that stimulating but ultimately tedious individualism of the rest of Spain, where every man's hand is against his neighbour's and himself, and feel you are in the midst of a brotherhood. Here all are members of a body. The language itself looks masonic. "My family dates from the tenth century," a Castilian is supposed to have boasted. "We Basques do not date," was the reply; and the Basque, phlegmatic, classless, democratic, religious, non-feudal and free, continued his pelota against the church wall. The Castilians are merely nobles, as Mr. Steer says, but the Basques are yeomen. There were all the parties and problems of the modern world, of course, for Vizcaya and Guipuzcoa were far in advance socially and industrially of the rest of Spain, Catalonia included. The C.N.T. were there, naturally, with their perpetual newspapers and manifestos. But the Roman Catholic Church had not deserted the poor for the rich as it had done in other parts and was not the enemy of reform. Early Republican governments—and Mr. Steer might have been more generous with the political antecedents of the stand of the two chief provinces—had sense enough, after the first flare up, to go cautiously with Basque Catholicism. It remained to the blundering Generals, dilatory in war, treacherous to their country and half-baked in politics and diplomacy, to commit the folly of attacking the tradition of independence and ancient democracy which were inseparable from the Basque religion. With a ha'porth of skill General Franco ought to have had the Basques in his pocket. As it turns out—as Mr. Steer says—crushing the Basques was an expensive pastime. It gave Valencia time to train its troops and (if Italy and Germany tire of the war) may be a major cause of Franco's failure.

Mr. Steer saw the whole campaign. He watched the war grow from the feckless militia struggle of the early days at Irun, to the efficient Italo-German dress rehearsal of modern war. He followed the doomed men from the blazing mountains and bombed towns until the surrender at Santander, where the Italian General Mancini dishonoured the terms of surrender. The homespun Basques,

ALWAYS WELL DRESSED
Without New Clothes

Your garments are
DUST FREED
CLOTH REVIVED
NON-CHEMICALLY
CLEANED
RENOVATED AND
TAILOR PRESSED

12,000 gentlemen have their clothes regularly maintained in perfect condition by the 'University' Service. The treatment of garments sent regularly is different from the ordinary dry-cleaning method

A staff of first-class tailors, is permanently maintained to undertake alterations, relinings, refacings.

GOOD, WELL-MADE OVERCOATS OR SUITS TURNED »

In every way equal to a new garment, but at less than one-third the original cost, by experts and tailors, whose work is equal to the highest West End standard. This service is essentially for the well-dressed gentleman who wears the best of good clothes. We only undertake to turn any garment if assured it will afterwards meet with the most fastidious taste. Our opinion and estimate without obligation.

Regular collection and delivery services in London and larger provincial towns. Pre-paid postal facilities for outlying country districts

University Tailors LTD 68a BOND STREET LONDON, S.W.8.

Telephones: Rel. 2866, 2867 & 2868

VITAL BOOKS

Outstanding publications of interest to all adults are described in this announcement. On such subjects as Physiology, Sociology, Psychology, Mental Training, Art, and Health Preservation, we offer a wide range of standard works of high Educational and Instructive value. It is only possible in this advertisement to briefly mention a few of the most popular titles, but we shall be pleased to send our complete catalogues on request.

SOCIOLOGY AND SEX EDUCATION

WISE WEDLOCK (Birth Control). Over 100,000 sold. This volume is full of sane information. Dr. Norman Haire says: "I consider it to be one of the best, if not the best, of its kind available in English" **6/4**

THE SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE. In this work Dr. Beale elucidates the INNERMOST SECRETS of married life. With resolute truthfulness the author shows why so many marriages fail **6/4**

WOMAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE. An entirely practical book which will prove of inestimable value to every woman. "Modern Woman" says:—"Middle-aged women will find much to help them" **5/4**

SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY. By Dr. R. T. TRALL. The most illuminating book ever published and the only authentic illustrated edition **13/-**

THE RIDDLE OF SEX. By D. J. TENENBAUM. This work gives answers to all questions concerning sex. It includes a minimum of theory and the maximum of direct physiological information **8/-**

EUGENICS AND SEX HARMONY. By HERMAN H. RUBIN, M.D. A Guide to correct Sex Practices and a complete Health Manual. 106 graphic illustrations ... **13/-**

SEX BEHAVIOUR IN MARRIAGE. By CHARLES A. CLINTON, M.D. In a graphic and dignified manner this author deals with the correct facts of sexual behaviour ... **8/-**

THE INTIMATE SIDE OF WOMAN'S LIFE. By LEONA W. CHALMERS. This book is not a medical treatise, but a frank discussion on Sex Hygiene. It should be a boon to many women who do not realise the natural laws of Nature **8/-**

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE. Fully illustrated. Vol. I. The most comprehensive work of its kind ever published in England. Every conceivable subject within its title is dealt with... ... ... **13/-**

(The second illustrated volume just published, as announced in these columns recently) **22/-**

These books are sold to adults only. Please state age when ordering.

THE ART OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. By W. M. GALLICHAN. A popular book of guidance for young people **2/9**

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY

KNOW THY BODY—THE WONDERS WITHIN US. By MEDICUS, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., C.M. (4th Edition). Everyman's Book of Anatomy. The most entertaining physiological book ever written. Each chapter tells an amazing story, each sentence is pregnant with interest. **3/10**

THE HEART. The Prevention and Cure of Cardiac Conditions. By JAS. C. THOMSON. The author is the leading exponent of the new Biotherapy system, and in this book presents in non-technical language an explanation of this revolutionary treatment and its application to Heart Diseases **3/10**

FOOT EFFICIENCY. By F. RAMSDEN, M.I.S.Ch. A practical book on the Care of the Feet. A skilled practitioner offers in these pages practical and easily followed advice for home treatment of most foot troubles **2/9**

NUDISM (SUN BATHING)

NAKED AND UNASHAMED. By WILLIAM WELBY. (6th Edition). Treating the subject from the Historical, Moral, Health, Physiological, Aesthetic and Commonsense points of view. Beautifully illustrated **3/10**

IT'S ONLY NATURAL.—The Philosophy of Nudism. By WM. WELBY. Fully illustrated. In this book the Author explains the growth of the movement and shows the reasons of its appeal to people of a high intellectual standard **3/10**

THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT NUDISM. By WM. WELBY. Deals in detail with the many aspects of the subject in the light of personal experience, close study and wide discussion. Acclaimed as the most complete and up-to-date work on the subject. Fully illustrated ... **6/6**

MENTAL AND HEALTH CULTURE

PERSONALITY: ITS NATURE, ITS OPERATION, AND ITS DEVELOPMENT. By J. LOUIS ORTON. The Author explains exactly what personality is and how it achieves its ends. This book shows how to Exert Your Personality—How to Build Personal Power ... **5/4**

MEMORY EFFICIENCY: HOW TO OBTAIN IT. By J. L. ORTON. An efficient memory is the basis of all success. This book shows you "How to memorise, How to acquire a photographic memory," etc., etc. **3/10**

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES. By H. BENJAMIN. The Author cured himself of approaching blindness, and has embodied his methods in this book **3/9**

PHYSICAL CULTURE SIMPLIFIED. By W. R. LUCAS. Better health and energy can be secured by adopting the system (no apparatus necessary) outlined in this book ... **3/9**

HOW TO REMEDY RHEUMATISM ... ...
HOW TO CONQUER CONSTIPATION ... ...
HOW TO ADJUST YOUR WEIGHT ... ...
HOW TO CURE LIVER, KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES ... ...
HOW TO CURE RUPTURE ... ...
HOW TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS AND CATARRH ...
THE CURE OF INDIGESTION ... ...
WHAT TO EAT FOR HEALTH ... ...

1/2 each

Eight practical books by well-known practitioners wherein the natural treatment for these ailments is plainly set out. The adoption of this treatment cannot fail to bring relief.

All Prices include Postage. Any of these books can be obtained through your bookseller or direct from

THORSONS, Publishers

Dept. 169, 91, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.2.

HUTCHINSON

PHILIP GIBBS's

GREAT ARGUMENT

30,000

sold within one week

7/6 net

ETHEL BOILEAU's

BALLADE IN G MINOR

25,000

sold before publication

(now reprinting)

8/6 net

HUTCHINSON

NUREMBERG

THE UNHOLY CITY

By Joshua Podro

A Chapter in Jewish Martyrology

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS
PRICE **6/-** NET.

or by Post, 3d. extra, from the Publishers:

ROBERT ANSCOMBE & Co., Ltd.,
34, GREAT JAMES STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

INSTITUTE OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

Two Series of Public Lectures will be given at the CAXTON HALL on THURSDAYS at 8.30 p.m.

ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CRIME.

1938 February	17	The Criminal Urge	Dr. Denis Carroll
,,	24	Is the Criminal Amoral?	Dr. Melitta Schmideberg
March	3	The Future of Penology	Dr. Denis Carroll

SOME PROBLEMS IN POLITICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

March	10	Groups and Individuals	Dr. Adrian Stephen
,,	17	Types of Groups	
,,	24	Does it take all kinds to make a world?	Dr. John Rickman
,,	31		

EACH LECTURE WILL BE FOLLOWED BY A DISCUSSION.

Tickets may be had from the Institute, 96, Gloucester Place, W.1, by application in writing enclosing remittance, or at the door.

For the Seven Lectures, 10s. **Single Lectures, 2s.**

unfamiliar with the totalitarian state, actually thought a treaty with an Italian was a treaty. They had all the virtues that don't count. They lacked brilliance, training and arms; they were certainly bewildered; they *would* keep telling the truth in their propaganda; above all they lacked the prime requisite of inhumanity. Even when Goicoechea—the regular Army officer who was building the iron ring—left the job half finished and slipped through the lines to betray the plans to Mola, there were no cries of hatred in Bilbao. They excused him. "It wasn't ordinary treason," they said, "he was just terrified by the poverty of our resources." They allowed the betrayal to be announced in their press but censored the traitor's name so as to protect his family. Again, Leizaola, who was in command at Bilbao, stayed on, though he knew he would be shot by the victors, to see that the Right wing prisoners were safely escorted to the enemy lines. For he was not going to allow them to be at the mercy of the mob! A man in modern war wanting to save the lives of civilians! After Durango and Gernika!

Mr. Steer's is a superb story admirably told. I shall not soon forget his accounts of the break-up in the mountain battles and of Bilbao's last day and night. I shall not forget his portraits or Franco's murderous response to Leizaola's humanity. Yet there remains in the mind not merely the confusion of war and the horrors of things like Gernika, but the intellectual collapse of the British Government and large sections of the press. One puts the standards of men like Leizaola against those who tried to cook the Gernika story.

Mr. Steer is superior to the other correspondents because he is writing not news but history. Sometimes I found him a trifle too H. M. Tomlinson, but there were moments also when his grasp of wide scenes, men and movement recalled Lawrence's Arabia. He is not as cool as that but he is very good; and whether he really likes the excitement of war as much as he professes to do, his whole manner, his general bearing, illustrates the fact that a little bombing puts guts into judgment—if it hasn't first blown them out of the body. In the modern world it may be essential to the lover of freedom, for, like civilian populations, the character reacts with stoicism and loses dismay. I feel after putting the book down that even Sir John Simon might have known his mind, Sir Samuel Hoare his facts and Eden put his fairy foot down at the time of the bluff blockade of Bilbao—here thoroughly exposed—if they had had their morale improved by an hour or two under the wings of a Junker 52.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Beatrice Webb

by

Bernard Shaw

in

THE

SPECTATOR

this week

(*21st January*)

SIXPENCE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

THE INVISIBLE MAN

The Greenwood Hat. By J. M. BARRIE. *Peter Davies.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

"This book," says the author by way of preface, "consists merely of some old newspaper articles tied together with a string of memories which the re-reading of them has evoked. They are samples of hundreds I wrote (as Mr. Anon) in my first two years in London in the late 'eighties." His first editor was Greenwood of the *St. James's Gazette*, and almost the first thing he bought in London was a silk hat to impress this editor. Hence the rather irritating title. The book itself is very neatly contrived, very entertaining, and full of charm.

Fifty copies of it were privately printed in Barrie's lifetime, and now, as his one "purely autobiographical work," it may have raised some false hopes; but the intelligent reader will not be surprised to learn that its confidences are only such as anyone else would be prepared to make verbally to a complete stranger. Barrie was incapable of giving himself away; no one must know, beyond a certain point, what had happened to him. Even the innocuous trifles of information that he does offer are presented in a half-light, between truth and fantasy—so that we shan't be able to decide which is which. Still less, of course, does he give away other people; his allusions are always superficial, and always kind.

An artist has the right to keep his private life as private as he sees fit, but this elusiveness of Barrie's is far from negative, and in *The Greenwood Hat* it can't be passed over. Barrie was his own happiest subject—the "memories" here are usually better than the articles, for that reason: he delighted in hovering round the figure of J. M. Barrie, yet could not bear to be run to earth in it. "Anon" was too thin an alibi, and almost at once he formed the habit of writing in assumed characters—"as a doctor or sandwich-board man, a Member of Parliament, a mother, an explorer, a child, a grandsire, a professional beauty, a dog, a cat." Sometimes the mystification was more elaborate, as when he turned out a whole series of articles on his work as second in command of a convict settlement in the Andaman Islands. "The series ended with a stern indictment of the Government for paying Anon his pension in rupees. Many retired Civil servants wrote to join in this fight for justice, and thanked the anonymous writer warmly." And perhaps next time he would describe "Mr. Barrie in the chair" at a public dinner. This article appears in *The Greenwood Hat;* it is one of the best, and provoked a torrent of angry correspondence from Mr. Barrie's admirers. Anon, says Barrie, did not realise why he preferred fancy dress, "but I can see that it was to escape identifying himself with any views. In the marrow of him was a shrinking from trying to influence anyone, and even from expressing an opinion." Indeed, *The Greenwood Hat* is so bare of opinions that when its author does happen to commend the writings of So-and-so one gets a shock, and, for the moment, a sense of intimacy. (If he had thought So-and-so wrote badly, nothing would have induced him to mention it.)

Of course, much of this slippery technique was pure caution—hypersensitive, morbid, or whatever name you like best. It was (I suspect) a national characteristic, pushed to extremity. But much also was genuine artistic detachment, and that—as one can see from "Mr. Barrie in the chair"—is why it came off. Within limits, Barrie had in perfection the aesthetic outlook on life, and even, thin-skinned as he was, on his own identity; he liked to sit back and observe them, usually with a chuckle, from the outside. In his youth he had dreams of action, but no real bent for it. He had not much intellectual, and still less practical, curiosity. "Facts were never pleasing to him. He acquired them with reluctance and got rid of them with relief." He did not care about politics, and business was a dark mystery. Opinions meant rushing into the fray, which was not his style. His sufficient pastime was to look on, and then embroider *ad lib.*; and no one must ever set foot in those regions of his experience where humour and detachment—the aesthetic outlook—ceased to be possible.

Yet he had plenty of grit; success came to him early, but he worked hard for it. By the end of four years in London he had published five books and written an uncounted number of articles—eight hundred, he tells us, is a "mild estimate." And they

THE SAFE, SENSIBLE WAY to treat colds

VAPEX

TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Why suffer the discomfort of a cold for a minute longer than necessary? Vapex clears the head—relieves stuffiness and eases the breathing. By inhaling Vapex from your handkerchief, you reach every congested part of the nose and throat, destroying the germs and thus removing the infection.
Deep inhaling with Vapex is the logical way to attack a cold—a method that is safe and sure, and which does not contain harmful drugs.

Cold germs are everywhere

You can catch a cold wherever people gather. In train and bus, in theatre or cinema, millions of germs are breathed into—*and from*—the air. Then, if you are run down, worried or undernourished, you will catch colds.
Use Vapex as a preventative—a drop on your handkerchief for day-long protection.

VAPEX KILLS GERMS

You can feel Vapex doing you good — feel your discomfort slipping away from you. For 21 years Vapex has been clearing colds. All over the world many thousands of people use Vapex at the first sign of a cold. Many thousands more use it regularly to prevent colds.

Off to School with Vapex

Classrooms are notorious for spreading colds. A little Vapex on the handkerchief . . . with instructions to breathe from it occasionally . . . will keep your children free from colds.

VAPEX
INHALANT
DOES NOT CONTAIN ANY DANGEROUS DRUGS

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM THE MATRON OF A NURSING HOME.

"I used to suffer dreadfully from colds, but have not had one for four years, entirely due to using Vapex. I advise all my patients and friends to use it."

—B. S.,
Burnham-on-Sea.

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF BY DAY AND ON YOUR PILLOW AT NIGHT

It is a sensible precaution to have Vapex handy in the house. Put a bottle in reserve—to-day—and be ready for prompt action. In its earliest stages a cold is easiest to dispel.

Of all Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

V174

Every boy and girl in the National Children's Home is there because of some sad or tragic circumstance. So many applications are received to help little people in distress that only the most needy can be admitted. In supporting this work you can be sure you are assisting those who are really deserving of your sympathy and support.

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME

Chief Offices HIGHBURY PARK LONDON N.5 (Founded by Dr. Stephenson 1869) AND ORPHANAGE

CVS—38

FORTIS GREEN SCHOOL

Fortis Green, Muswell Hill ——— N.2

OPENING APRIL 1938

A modern co-educational day and boarding school for children from 2 to 10, owned and managed by a co-operative Society composed of the parents and teachers and others interested. Based on Socialist principles. Experienced staff; individual work; fees moderate.

For particulars apply to the Secretary:

FORTIS GREEN SCHOOL SOCIETY,
FORTIS GREEN, N.2

Martins Bank Ltd.

1563 1831

WORLD WIDE FACILITIES

Capital Paid Up and Reserves - - £7,969,049
Deposits, etc., at 31st Dec., 1937 - £95,508,182
Total Assets over £113,000,000

560 BRANCHES

LONDON OFFICE: 68 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.3
HEAD OFFICE:
WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL, 2

were never mere hack work. *The Greenwood Hat* is the record of an *improvisatore* of genius—adroit, copious, and inventive almost beyond belief.

Of course, he has long been unmentionable in the best circles, and there are reasons enough. For one thing, we have ceased to care much for lightweights; we like a noise. And then—though his detractors may not be conscious of objecting to this—he makes one feel small. Devotees of the tough-and-grim school (for instance) can always be sure of nourishment for their self-esteem; Barrie's readers have to practise humiliation. Finally, there is no denying that he makes one squirm pretty often. Not because he is sentimental—a healthy palate can enjoy, or at least endure a good deal of sentiment, unadulterated; the real trouble is one that Stevenson put his finger on early. "Stuff in that young man," he wrote, "but he must mind and not be too clever." Barrie did not take warning, and the unholy blend of sentiment and cleverness is what puts one off.

But it is almost safe to predict a come-back. Future generations won't squirm as we do; this particular kind of discomfort is largely social, and sheds its horror with time. His gifts are plain enough in this volume, where lapses, by the way, are comparatively infrequent. He may be too clever—but on the other hand, how clever he is! how far cleverer (one can't help thinking) than most of those who look down on him. And what an adept in the all-but-lost art of prose! After seeing so many of our new men flounder and thrash about in the English language (and hearing their performance lauded as art, or thought, or "what the age needs") it is enchanting to watch the despised Barrie slip through it with a gleam and a flicker. "I wonder," wrote George Moore *à propos* of *The Greenwood Hat*, "you have not been found out before as one of the most beautiful writers of the English language that ever lived." Barrie had, in fact, just what Moore was aiming at—a style that achieved its effects without emphasis, by a turn of the wrist.

We learn here that he doubted if the theatre had been the right place for him—"I preferred writing books, and still think they were more my game." Perhaps they were, and the stage gave more scope to his weakness. The books, and this among them, may very likely survive the plays. K. JOHN

THE
MODERN
QUARTERLY

Editorial Council:

J. D. Bernal — H. Levy
P. M. S. Blackett — Sir P. Chalmers Mitchell
W. E. Le Gros Clarke — Joseph Needham
V. Gordon Childe — Roy Pascal
Benjamin Farrington — Erich Roll
J. B. S. Haldane — L. Susan Stebbing
H. J. Laski — George Thomson
B. Woolf

JANUARY 24th. PRICE 2s. 6d. NET

CONTENTS OF FIRST ISSUE:

The Fallacy of Mechanism, *H. Levy*. The Social Function of Science, *J. D. Bernal*. Vesalius on the Ruin of Ancient Medicine, *B. Farrington*. Integrative Levels: A Revaluation of the Idea of Progress, *Joseph Needham*. The Evolution of Positivism, *Max Black*. Realism and Fantasy in the Art of Goya, *F. D. Klingender*. The Decline of Liberal Economics, *Erich Roll*. Comments and Reviews.

2 PARTON STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

VICTORIAN LONDON

The London Miscellany: A Nineteenth-century Scrap-book. Compiled by ROBERT HARLING. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Locomotion in Victorian London. By G. A. SEKON. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Though neither of these books can perhaps be recommended for straight-on reading—unless Victorian London or its locomotion exerts a fascination over you—they are excellent to dip in. Open Mr. Sekon's *Locomotion* at random: the print of an "atmospheric train" outside Forest Hill station. Date, round the fifties. A line-gang is at work laying sleepers; two gentlemen in frock coats and tall-hats, one leaning on a cane, direct operations. Behind them appears the train, a chicken farm on wheels, and beyond that—the station perhaps?—a Gothic-Revival church with vicarage attached. But what is an "atmospheric" train? Not, as I at first imagined, a creation of the picturesque, a train which would cross the landscape like an animated folly. A second glance revealed that it was engineless and that along the track there was a large central pipe; this, it appeared, provided the "atmosphere" which drove the train. In some way which Mr. Sekon explains but which I do not follow, a descending arm from the front carriage connected with a piston in the tube, and the tube being made a vacuum with pressure exerted at one end the piston, and hence the train, travelled along it. This experiment on the London and Croydon railway in 1846–7 cost half a million pounds before giving way to steam.

Mr. Sekon tells the history of London railways, bridges, omnibuses, steamboats, cabs, tramways (introduced, he notes, by a Mr. Train), carriages, cycles, commercial and animal-drawn vehicles, in considerable detail, which is sometimes interesting and sometimes not. The best way to enjoy his book, I find, is to look at the illustrations and read round them. The views of the Metropolitan Railway, especially of the gloomy Praed Street tunnel, where an engine squats like a beetle in a crypt, are impressive. After admiring the grace of Hungerford Bridge, the first suspension bridge to be built in London, you turn to the text and discover that it still exists, with new towers and hung several hundred feet higher, over the gorge at Clifton.

The illustrations of *The London Miscellany* are attractive too. I note the trains at the Great Exhibition, designed apparently to resemble a Victorian papa, with tile hat and bulky posterior, followed by his immensely long family. No doubt our own streamlined fliers, after the pattern of an aerial torpedo, will seem to future ages even more curiously emblematic. The Colosseum in Regent's Park, Montgolfier's smoke balloon, an unfinished Nelson's Monument, an "orchestral organette" (drawing-room hurdy-gurdy) and other vanished objects refresh the eye. Mr. Harling's collection of vanished prose is intermittently most readable. Much of it comes from *Knight's London*—a good specimen of Victorian journalism, and worth reviving. I find the elaborately stiff and jocular style of the guide-book essays detestable—but that's neither here nor there; such oddity is part of the book. Nevertheless, since not *all* styles of the time were bad, and since there are passages here from Cobbett, Emerson, Louis Blanc's *Letters on England*, and Mrs. MacCarthy's *A Victorian Childhood*, which one can read with pleasure as well as curiosity, I think Mr. Harling might have given us more of Victorian elegance. A drawing or two by Guys, among the Seymours and Whittocks, would have made a difference! And for social gossip, at the beginning of the century there is J. T. Smith's *A Rainy Day*, from which his account of a visit to a condemned cell might have been lifted; at the other end Binstead, a great deal sharper than some of the writers here. Still Mr. Harling compiled his scrapbook out of "an interest in newspapers, the magnificent efforts of Mr. Nash, the oddities of industrial design and the career of Lord Beaconsfield," and it has a character. Louis Blanc—whose *Letters on England* are obviously well worth reading—gives a vivid description of a clash in Hyde Park between Garibaldians and Roman Catholics, 40,000 a side, which is not very different from similar clashes to-day between Communists and Fascists, except that the latter are policed. His comments on the situation, and elsewhere on the London underworld of blackmailers and garotters, are admirably realistic and to the point. His is the best journalism in the book. The *Times* then (represented by an account of the Boat Race) was not so different from what it is now. We get our usual surprise from the early *Punch*:

> The purlieus of London are not to be described. The mind sickens in recalling the odious particulars of the immediate neighbourhood of the bridges. The hucksters and their furniture-shops, the enormous

BARCLAYS BANK
LIMITED.

EDWIN FISHER, Chairman.
WILLIAM MACNAMARA GOODENOUGH, Deputy Chairman.
HUGH EXTON SEEBOHM, Vice-Chairman.
General Managers: A. W. TUKE, W. O. STEVENSON, N. S. JONES.
Foreign General Manager: B. J. FOSTER.

Statement of Accounts
31st December, 1937.

LIABILITIES.

	£	£
Current, Deposit and other Accounts, including Reserve for Taxation and Contingencies and Balance of Profit and Loss	421,115,001	
Balances in Account with Subsidiary Banks	13,530,322	
		434,645,323
Acceptances and Endorsements, etc., for account of Customers		8,532,516
Paid-up Capital		15,858,217
Reserve Fund		10,750,000

ASSETS.

Cash in hand and with the Bank of England	54,839,825
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection	15,943,494
Money at Call and Short Notice	27,068,850
Bills Discounted	50,362,681
Investments	102,423,395
Investments in Subsidiary Banks (at cost, *less* amounts written off) :—	
The British Linen Bank—£1,240,060 10s. Stock	3,720,182
The Union Bank of Manchester Limited—300,000 Shares of £5 each, £2 10s. paid	750,000
Other Banks—(including fully paid Shares and 500,000 "B" Shares of £5 each, £1 per Share paid up, in Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) and 1,000,000 Shares of £1 each, 5s. per share paid up, in Barclays Bank (France) Limited)	2,498,362
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	196,264,896
Liability of Customers for Acceptances and Endorsements, etc.	8,532,516
Bank Premises and Adjoining Properties (at cost, *less* amounts written off)	7,381,855

HEAD OFFICE:
54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.
Over 2,100 Branches in England and Wales.

The demand for CAPSTAN increases daily - say W.D. & H.O. WILLS

"They don't 'arf keep us busy, they don't"...
"'Oo do?".....
"They don't!"

WILLS'S CAPSTAN CIGARETTES
10 FOR 6D. 20 FOR 11½D.

tawdry gin-palaces, and those little bye-lanes of two-storied tenements, where patent mangles are to let, where the street is encumbered by oystershells and black puddles, and little children playing in them. All these we passed: likewise grim-looking Methodist chapels, and schools, churches, and asylums innumerable.

Not the whole of Victorian London by any means, but more than creeps into Bouverie Street to-day. And, to end with journalism, here is the first editorial of the *Star*, demanding taxation of ground rents and pulling out an adjective which every leader-writer will envy. "It is as *flagitious* as it is absurd . . ." Mr. Garvin, please copy. G. W. STONIER

THE JAPANESE GOD

I Speak for the Chinese. By CARL CROW. *Hamish Hamilton.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Carl Crow, the American whose understanding and affection for the Chinese were shown in that most entertaining book, *Four Hundred Million Customers*, has now produced a short statement of the Chinese case against Japanese aggression. He was a journalist in Tokio before becoming an advertising agent in China, and witnessed at close quarters how Japan took advantage of the European war to make her first attempt to carry out those plans for the subjugation of China which she is now once again trying to put into operation. He shows how in those days she deliberately fostered anarchy by financing the Chinese War Lords and bandits, supplying them with arms and setting one against the other in order to speed up the process of disintegration and so provide her with a pretext for occupying the country and "restoring law and order." The reunification and rejuvenation of China under the Kuomintang was a bitter blow to Japanese ambitions and a new excuse for aggression had to be found. Hence, Japan's talk about the "Communist danger."

According to Mr. Crow the present mass bombing of Chinese civilians is justified in Japanese eyes as being all for the glory of the Emperor. It aims not only at destroying the morale of the Chinese people, but assists in the brutalisation of the Japanese soldiers which is thought necessary to make them into good fighters.

> Japanese militarists, with their realistic view of things, have come to the conclusion that it is better for a soldier to receive his baptism of fire by attacking defenceless civilians rather than an armed soldiery; there is less risk. . . . It is possible to kill civilians with no loss of fighting strength and Japanese soldiers are thereby trained in the necessary technique of war. . . .
>
> The same simple code applies to the making and to the violation of treaties. If the glory of the Emperor can be advanced by the breaking of a treaty then that is the honourable thing to do. It must be taken into consideration further that the *sumurai* conceive of their Emperor not as a Japanese god, but as a universal god who would rule the world but for the perversity of human nature.

The Japanese attitude to their god is reminiscent of that taken towards the Lord God of Hosts in the Old Testament—his glory justifies all crimes and betrayals.

Mr. Crow's account of the rise to power of Chiang Kai Shek is somewhat superficial. For him the attack on foreigners in Nanking in 1936 was "at the instigation of rivals who were jealous of Chiang's rising power" and for him "Communism has died a natural death." But his account of the great work of reconstruction begun in China of recent years, and the tribute he pays to the comparative honesty and the passion for efficiency of the Kuomintang officials, make Japan's present efforts to plunge China back into disunion and backwardness a poignant tragedy for the Chinese people.

His stories of the behaviour of the Japanese in Shanghai, prior to the outbreak of hostilities, show them to be totally without a sense of humour or proportion. The accidental striking of a passing Japanese sailor by the core of a pear flung from a cabaret leads to the Chinese proprietor being required to appear for a month afterwards before the Commandant of the Japanese Naval Landing Party, to apologise and give assurances that he no longer sells pears the cores of which may be hurled by customers at passing Japanese. In addition his cabaret is subject to periodic searches for pears by navy patrols, and the poor man is ruined.

Although this little book is written in a light vein and contains little new information it gives to the ordinary reader without knowledge of the Far East an easily read, vivid and convincing account of what China has suffered at the hands of the Japanese during the past three decades. FREDA UTLEY

HOW NOW, POMPEY?

Over the Frontier. By STEVIE SMITH. *Jonathan Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

> There is nothing worse than the not perhaps quite funny enough. For this, Reader, is what the young man said to me when I sent him a poem. And then I felt, There is certainly nothing worse than to be not funny enough. It is better to be serious.

Is this passage the key to the new Stevie Smith? Conscious that the fun was less exhilarating than before, did she decide—about half-way through—to pull out her most impressive stops and change over to the other manual? She was, it is true, from the first much more than a brilliant new sort of clown. *Novel on Yellow Paper*, funny enough to turn me into an annoying, spluttering, reading-aloud sort of visitor for an entire week-end, was profoundly intelligent and sensible into the bargain. But the little Simple Stevie poems in *The London Mercury*, with the clever kiddie drawings—they were not quite funny enough, and not sensible either. *Over the Frontier* opens admirably in a picture gallery; it looked like being just a further packet of Yellow Paper, but I was not disposed to cavil at that. Here is our Pompey again, I thought, going the rounds of her familiar circle: at the office with Sir Phoebus, going to parties with Harriet, receiving comfort and good advice from *chère* Joséphine, turning for sanity and security to her magnificent Aunt the Lion of Hull . . . and, of course, quarrelling with that sweet boy Freddy. When it comes to Freddy she foresees a wriggle of boredom and distaste:

> Oh Pompey, I am so sick of bloody Freddy. Pax, Reader, see me through this and then no more of it.

At such moments I find this author very winning. Indeed many passages in *Over the Frontier* rival her first book in their gay marriage of nonsense-gabble style and eminently sensible content. Only, the touch is a little less light, the repetitions and pretence clumsinesses less innocent than before; at moments we catch what sounds suspiciously like an echo of the Stein Song: "Well what is in them is what is in them is luminol and chloroform and valerian," p. 23, and "Well I ride flat well I ride flat because

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Sat.
APOLLO. Yes and No. Tues. & Sat.
COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.
COMEDY. Treasure Island. Tu., W., Th., F., S.
DRURY LANE. Crest of the Wave. Wed., Sat.
DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.
DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.
GARRICK. This Money Business. Th., Sat.
GLOBE. "Robert's Wife" Wed. and Sat.
HIPPODROME. "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.
HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.
LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.
PALACE. Oh! Letty. Wed., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Three Sisters. Wed. Feb. 2.
ROYALTY. I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.
ST. JAMES'S. The Innocent Party. Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S. Autumn. Tues., Fri.
SHAFTESbury. Thank You, Mr. Pepys. W.S.
STRAND. Room Service. Thurs., Sat.
WHITEHALL. I Killed the Count. W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

OPERA

PEOPLE'S PALACE, Mile End Rd.
ROYAL CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY
Week commencing Jan. 24: Monday, TANNHAUSER; Tuesday, CARMEN; Wednesday, LA BOHEME; Thursday, SAMSON AND DELILAH; Friday, IL TROVATORE. Sat. Mat., DIE FLEDERMAUS; Sat. Eve., RIGOLETTO.
Res. 2s. to 5s. ADV. 2777. Eve. 8. Mat. 2.30.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. EVENINGS 8.30. Tem. 6404.
Mats., WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, 2.30
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.)
Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Sats., 2.30.
Kenneth Horne's Laughing Success
YES AND NO

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY
ST. MORITZ
A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

COMEDY. Evenings (ex. Mon.) at 8.15. Whi. 2578.
Mats. Tues., Wed., Th., Fri., Sat. at 2.30.
TREASURE ISLAND.
FOR BOYS FROM SEVEN TO SEVENTY.

DRURY LANE. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON, MARIE LOHR in
CREST OF THE WAVE.

DUCHESS, Catherine St., W.C.2. TEM. 8243.
Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in J. B. Priestley's
TIME AND THE CONWAYS

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5122. Evgs., 8.30
Matinees, WED. & SAT., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. Tem. 4601. 8.30. Th., Sat. 2.30.
THE DANIEL MAYER COMPANY Present
CYRIL CAMPION'S
THIS MONEY BUSINESS.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings, 8.30 Sharp.
Mat., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.15.
Mats., THURS. and SATS., at 2.30
BOBBY HOWES and CICELY COURTNEIDGE
in **"HIDE AND SEEK"**

THE GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA

1938 FESTIVAL
(Fifth Season)

Artistic Direction:
FRITZ BUSCH CARL EBERT

			Victoria Station. Trains leave	And arrive back
			p.m.	p.m. a.m.
MAY	21	Macbeth (Verdi)	5.15	3.45 11.25 p.m.
	24	Le Nozze di Figaro	5.15	3.45 11.36 p.m.
	27	Macbeth	6.45	5.20 12.43
	28	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.15	4.45 12.43
SUN.	29	Macbeth	5.30	3.45 11.30 p.m.
	31	Macbeth	6.45	5.20 12.43
JUNE	3	Don Giovanni	5.15	3.45 11.36 p.m.
	4	Macbeth	6.15	4.45 12.26
SUN.	5*	Le Nozze di Figaro	5.30	3.40 11.48 p.m.
	6	Macbeth	5.30	3.40 11.57 p.m.
	7*	Don Giovanni	6.45	5.20 12.56
	9	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.45	5.20 1.5
	11	Don Giovanni	6.15	4.45 12.43
SUN.	12	Le Nozze di Figaro	5.30	3.45 11.48 p.m.
	14	Cosi fan Tutte	5.15	3.45 11.28 p.m.
	15	Macbeth	6.45	5.20 12.43
	16	Don Giovanni	6.45	5.20 12.56
	17	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.45	5.20 1.5
	18	Cosi fan Tutte	6.15	4.45 12.26
SUN.	19	Don Giovanni	5.30	3.45 11.48 p.m.
	22*	Don Giovanni	6.45	5.20 12.56
	23	Macbeth	6.45	5.20 12.43
	24	Cosi fan Tutte	6.45	5.20 12.46
	25*	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.15	4.45 12.43
SUN.	26	Cosi fan Tutte	5.30	3.45 11.37 p.m.
	28	Don Pasquale	5.15	3.45 11.28 p.m.
	29	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.45	5.20 1.5
	30	Don Pasquale	6.45	5.20 12.46
JULY	1	Don Pasquale	6.45	5.20 12.46
	2	Macbeth	6.15	4.45 12.26
SUN.	3	Don Pasquale	5.30	3.45 11.37 p.m.
	5	Macbeth	6.45	5.20 12.43
	6	Don Giovanni	6.45	5.20 12.56
	7	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.45	5.20 1.5
	8	Don Pasquale	6.45	5.20 12.46
	9	Cosi fan Tutte	6.15	4.45 12.28

* These performances will be conducted by Alberto Erede, whilst Fritz Busch will conduct on all other dates.

TWO POPULAR
WHITSUN PERFORMANCES

WHIT-SUNDAY, JUNE 5th, at 5.30 p.m.
LE NOZZE DI FIGARO

WHIT-MONDAY, JUNE 6th, at 5.30 p.m.
MACBETH

All seats for these two performances 30s. each.

For Opera Specials on these two days see time-table above.

The Sunday audiences (including Whit-Sunday) must by law consist only of Members of the Glyndebourne Sunday Opera Club and also of their guests, who need not be Members; to become a Member of this Club there is NO extra Club subscription. Application Forms on request.

Please apply to any of the leading Agencies or to:
THE GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA
London Office: 2-4, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.1.
(WHItehall 0091.)

THEATRES—continued

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS. 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, 2.30

LYRIC. Gerrard 3686.
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
VICTORIA REGINA
by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

PALACE. Ger. 6834. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30
JACK WALLER Presents a New Musical Comedy
OH! LETTY.
SYDNEY HOWARD, Wylie Watson, etc.

PLAYHOUSE. Over 725 Perfs. Whi. 7774.
Evgs. 8.30 (ex. Mon.). WED., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS
LONDON'S LONGEST RUN.

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. JOHN GIELGUD'S Season.
1st Perf., FRIDAY, JANUARY 28th, at 8.0
(subs. 8.30 sharp). 1st Mat., Wed., Feb. 2nd, 2.30.
THREE SISTERS.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331.) Evenings at 8.30.
Matinees, THURS. & SAT., 2.30
I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

ST. JAMES'S. (Whi. 3903). Thurs., Jan. 27, at 8.30
(subs. 8.40). First Mat., Sat., Jan. 29, at 2.30.
THE INNOCENT PARTY.
By H. M. Harwood & Laurence Kirk.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. 1443). Evgs. 8.30, Tu. F. 2.30.
FLORA ROBSON in
AUTUMN
A BASIL DEAN PRODUCTION.

THEATRES—continued

SAVOY. Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30 Tem. 8888.
HENRY EDWARDS in
BULLDOG DRUMMOND HITS OUT
by "SAPPER" & Gerard Fairlie.

SHAFTESBURY Gerrard 6666.
Evenings 8.30. Matinees Wed., Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN in
THANK YOU, Mr. PEPYS

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Thur., Sat., 2.30.
ROOM SERVICE
by John Murray & Allen Boretz.
"The Funniest Play of the Year"—*Daily Mail.*

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nghtly. 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE
TEDDY ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES
ME AND MY GIRL
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY.

WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. Near Victoria Station.
TUES., JAN. 25, FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.
Nightly, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
Ben Jonson's Comedy, **VOLPONE.**
Seats bookable, 8/6, 4/6 and 2/6. Vic. 0283.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whi. 6692.)
Evgs., 8.30 Sharp. Mats., Wed. & Sat. 2.30.
I KILLED THE COUNT
by Alec Coppel.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Wed., and Sats. at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY

FILMS

ACADEMY, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
The film for which a Special Prize was created.
"LA GRANDE ILLUSION" (A),
with Erich V. Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Dita Parlo & Pierre Fresney

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, JAN. 24th, for SEVEN DAYS
MARTA EGGERTH in
A CASTLE IN FLANDERS (U)
Also Paul Rotha's "TO-DAY WE LIVE" (U).

REPERTORY THEATRES

THE PLAYHOUSE, LIVERPOOL.
Evgs. 7.45. Mats., Sat., 2.30
George and Margaret. By Gerald Savory.

HULL. **Little.**
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat. 5 p.m.
Rain. By John Colton and Edith Savile (from the novel by W. Somerset Maugham).

MANCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE
Evenings at 7.30. Mats. Sat., 2.30.
Night Must Fall. By Emlyn Williams.

RESTAURANTS

A FEW steps from the Strand to RULES of Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

DANCES

NATIONAL LABOUR CLUB
RECEPTION and Dance on Monday, January 31st (eve of re-assembly of Parliament) at Westminster Palace Rooms, Victoria Street, S.W. Reception by The Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, M.P., 8 to 8.30. Dancing until midnight. Tickets, 2s. 6d., from GEORGE JEGER, 79 New North Road, N.1, or at the door.

LONDON DISTRICT COMMUNIST PARTY
MASKED CARNIVAL
St. Pancras Town Hall (Euston Rd.),
Saturday, Jan. 29th, 8 p.m. to midnight.
Fancy Dress (optional), Cabaret, demonstration of the "Big Apple," Spot Prizes, Competitions. Masks issued at door.
Tickets 2s. 6d., from Collets Bookshop, Charing Cross Rd.; Workers' Bookshops, and at door.

GRAND DANCE with CHINESE CABARET at Suffolk Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1, on Saturday, January 29th. Speciality dances, national dances, juggling. Licensed bar. Continental buffet. Dancing 8—1 a.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. at door or from "Russia To-day" Socials Committee, 5 Gt. Ormond Street, W.C.1.

I like riding flat and if my horse has an amiable soft trot flat I will ride," p. 83; does this *da capo* business, we wonder, really add anything? And that strange dash of poetry which used to spring out of the zig-zag reflections and the laughter: here it is again, too, but cheapened somehow, almost like Any Female Novelist shamelessly pulling out the Vox Humana:

> Oh chords of immensity and insistence, waves of conflict from some deep hidden ocean bed, deep beyond depths so hidden and so secret, sweeping up, licking and stretching, to cover and engulf some lonely seagirt promontory, come cover over then and make an end.

The manner that was once so fascinating and new and genuine is beginning to bother not only reader but writer too. It is time we had a change; we both feel it. Suddenly a plot emerges out of nowhere. By the middle of the book Pompey is staying with *chère* Joséphine at a sort of Baltic sea sanatorium called Schloss Tilssen. At first we suppose that Schloss Tilssen is simply an excuse for more of Pompey's devastating analyses of German mentality. And we do in fact get some more:

> Like so many of her countrymen the Fräulein has the greatest, the most infantile admiration, for everything, but *everything*, englisch. But the englisch have hurt her very much, this poor Fräulein, oh very deep was the wound when the young Englishman, the son of a Bishop, oh that makes it so much worse, you see he was staying with the Fräulein to have his studies at the University, and what did he say one day but this, and was not this enough to divide the heart of a rhinoceros. . . . "England ought to conquer Germany and civilise her." This boy, this son of the Bish, was very cross-patch indeed; I can see him chez Fräulein getting more and more cross-patch every day, till out he came with this heart-piercing atrocity of a sentiment. Ah poor Germany, always to imagine what England is, and then to find out that is so much of what she is not. Oh this dotty infantile unsophistication of Deutschland, how exacerbating it is for grown-ups like England, France and America. . . .

But this is only by the way. Most of the guests at the Schloss are English, and its purpose is to provide a rendezvous for the characters of a plot which belongs to a dream no man's land somewhere between the territories of Franz Kafka and E. Phillips Oppenheim. We do not grasp, and are not I hope intended to grasp, the exact parts played in this fantastic military intrigue by Tom Satterthwaite, Colonel Peck, Mrs. Pouncer, and the old Jew Aaronsen. They appear and disappear like ghostly marionettes, and the only reality is Pompey's increasing awareness that she is on the side of the strong, the active, the Machiavellian; that "war war is all my thought." The whole book is perhaps to be regarded as a power-fantasy. Pompey's recurring dream, that she is handling very important business, dressed in a soldier's uniform and a cloak, comes true; not for nothing is she called Pompey; she beats the experts at their own game, and by the end of the book is hob-nobbing with Archbishops and Generalissimi. The gloomy psychological moral of all this is summed up in the last sentence: "Power and cruelty are the strength of our life, and in its weakness only is there the sweetness of love."

Now where is Pompey? Foot-off-the-ground; or both-feet-off-the-ground? Has she, emulating the fantasies of Kafka, over-reached herself, or only me, her reader? Naturally, I incline to the former view, and even to the sad thought that *Novel on Yellow Paper* itself, which I so loved, will be unreadable in a few years' time. I do not make this prediction with any confidence. I do not forget that Dr. Johnson declared in 1776: "Nothing odd will do long. *Tristram Shandy* did not last." Nor do I mean to imply that Stevie Smith's rare talent is exhausted. But I rather think she may have to drop Pompey.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

150% INCREASE IN ELECTRICITY PRODUCTION

"Electric production remains pre-eminent as an industry which continues to progress through bad and good times alike. Last year's output in Great Britain was more than 13 per cent. above the 1936 total. The expansion of electric generation since 1928 exceeds 150 per cent."
(*Financial Times*—13.1.38).

Share in the prosperity of this great and growing industry by buying certificates in the

ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES TRUST

Trustees:
GENERAL ACCIDENT FIRE & LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

● *Full information is given in booklet NS12 (the basis of all contracts) which may be obtained from the Managers:—*

ALLIED INVESTORS FIXED TRUSTS LIMITED,
165 Moorgate, London, E.C.2. NATional 4931

CVS—33

THE MYSTERIES OF THE MASQUE

Stuart Masques and the Renaissance Stage. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL. *Harrap.* 36*s.*

Seeing that, during the first century and a half of its history, the modern English theatre had a distinctiveness betraying its insular origin which rendered it unique among all theatres whatsoever, and that distinctiveness was due to Sir William Davenant's creation in early Restoration days of a hybrid kind of picture stage in which was combined the main characteristics of Shakespeare's platform stage with the ductile scenic system pursued in the Stuart masques, it is essential that for a proper comprehension of Davenant's feat we should possess an exhaustive and fully elucidative account of the progressive methods of staging employed by Inigo Jones and one or two lesser lights in the ornate Whitehall entertainments of the early seventeenth century. Because, however, of the extreme complexity of the subject and the many problems to be solved, no one hitherto has been able to accomplish the task. That the story of the English masque is rightly the prelude to the story of our picture stage is indicated by the fact that Inigo Jones's fundamental system of flats, wings and borders together with his custom of changing all the scenery in full sight of the audience obtained in our theatres from the Restoration era until well within living memory. Happily that prelude has now been written for us with satisfying amplitude by Professor Allardyce Nicoll, and presented in a handsome volume embellished with a profusion of vital new illustrations, mostly from the great Inigo Jones collection preserved at Chatsworth. Since one must grasp one's nettle not to be stung, congratulations must be showered upon Mr. Nicoll for the clear-sighted manner in which he has gone about his work. Conceiving that Italy was the fount of all early scenic inspiration, he strove to read the many riddles set by the high-flown old descriptions of the spectacular glories of the Stuart masques by looking for the answers in early Italian scenographies and ducal-court records, and he has so far succeeded in his quest that one is now forced to the melancholy conclusion that there was little in Inigo Jones's art and science that was not derivative. It would be idle to say, however, that he has wholly avoided giving the few specialists capable of sitting in judgment upon him something to boggle over. His pronouncements are final where he advances precedents in support of his contentions, but they are indeterminate where conjecture has to be indulged in, and in his hypothetical moments there are decided gaps in his armour. Much as I should like to break a friendly lance with Professor Nicoll on one or two abstruse technical points, I must needs refrain because discussions of the sort would be Greek to the general reader, and must content myself by making one or two minor comments. In treating of such records as we have of the construction of the temporary auditoriums for the court masques, Prof. Nicoll seems puzzled to know what was the precise nature of the boxes spoken of as occasionally provided. There can be little doubt that they were precisely of the same nature as the boxes in the Restoration theatre, and it will be recalled that Pepys refers to the latter revealingly as "pews." It is unfortunate that Prof. Nicoll fails to make it clear that the

TRAINING CENTRES

THE BEDFORD FROEBEL TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: MISS MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examination of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s. For particulars apply SECRETARY.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

A DEGREE is possible for YOU. Now that Candidates for a London Degree who are 23 or over may take the shorter Special Entrance Exam. instead of Matriculation, the way to a Degree is easier. 828 Wolsey Hall students have passed the London Special Entrance Examination.—Free Guide to London Univ. Degrees and particulars of Home Study Courses from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH902, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

THE WESTMINSTER TUTORS.
Miss Freeston, M.A. Oxon, Miss Nanco, B.A.Lond. and experienced staff, undertake coaching for University, School, and Civil Service examinations. (Men or women students). Small groups for Matriculation, etc. Individual tuition in weak subjects. Modern language classes. English for foreigners. Reasonable charges. For prospectus, advice and list of recent successes, apply 50 Westminster Palace Gardens, Artillery Row, S.W.1 (beside the Army and Navy Stores). Interviews by appointment only. Tel.: Victoria 2976.

CHEKHOV
THEATRE STUDIO
DARTINGTON HALL,
TOTNES, SOUTH DEVON.
Director: MICHAEL CHEKHOV
(Late Director, Second Moscow Art Theatre).

The purpose of the Studio is to train young people capable of creating a new standard in the modern theatre. A permanent touring company will be formed. The Studio possesses a fine modern theatre and a large open-air theatre. The Secretary on application will send a small book describing the method, together with full particulars of entrance and scholarships.

DAVIES'S
CIVIL SERVICE: ADMINISTRATIVE GROUP.
In the 1937 examination—the first held under the new Scheme—54 different candidates prepared by Davies's were successful. This brings the total up to over 400 during the past ten years.
Sussex House, 1 Holland Park, W.11. Park 4414.
CANDIDATES MAY BEGIN AT ANY TIME.

DAVIES'S LAW COURSES
BAR EXAMINATIONS
LANGDON MEDALLIST.
Enrolment now for Oral Courses in Part 1.
SUSSEX HOUSE, 1 HOLLAND PARK, W.11. PARK 4414.

CHOICE OF CAREER. Real success and happiness can only be found in the career for which a person is naturally fitted. Successes in occupations chosen with the aid of psychological tests are five times more frequent than without such aid. A new FREE booklet, "Vocational Guidance," explains fully how informed advice can be given on the basis of psychological tests self-applied at home. Apply to The Mackay Bureau for Vocational Guidance, Dept. NS, 65 St. Giles, Oxford.

ECONOMICS. A free 10-weeks' course. Evening classes commencing immediately in London under the auspices of The Henry George School of Economics. Enrol any evening, Jan. 31—Feb. 4, 7.30 p.m., at 13 Theobald's Road, W.C.1., or write Secretary for details.

TUITION

PRIVATE Tuition in all subjects for the Universities Civil Service (Administrative, etc.). MUIRIE AND ATKINS, Tutors, 53 Oakley Street, Chelsea, S.W.3. Flaxman 0664. Write or 'phone.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

STUDIO. SWISS COTTAGE. 35 BROADHURST GDNS. Newly dec., unfur., 27×20ft. H. & c., bath. Own entr. Convnt. Meals opt. 'Ph.: Maida Vale 8540.

SMALL bright study-bedroom, furnished, c.h.w., service, 18s. 6d. 22 Belsize Avenue. PRI. 1043.

GUILFORD STREET, W.C.1. Unfur. room (22×16) Bath, gas, fire, el. light. Ring HOLborn 7535.

MARBLE ARCH (near). Bright, cheerful, comfortably furnished divan rooms, 25/-, 35/- weekly. PAD 4101.

WANTED, by research student, homely digs, with use of ground floor, semi-basement room, or outbuildings as wireless workshop. £2. L. L. K. H., 78 Great Northway, N.W.4.

POSTAL TUITION
for the London University
B.Sc.Econ.
Degree

THE possession of a Degree in Economics opens the door to well-paid teaching and administrative posts under Education authorities and other public bodies; also to statistical, research and welfare work in Commerce and Industry.

Now that the shorter Special Entrance Exam. may be taken instead of Matriculation by all Degree Candidates of 23 and over, the way to the B.Sc. Econ. Degree is easier. No university residence is necessary. Candidates may prepare at home under the experienced guidance of Wolsey Hall, and tuition fees may be spread over the period of the course. **238 Wolsey Hall Students passed London B.Sc.Econ. (External) Exams., 1925-37; in 1935 a Wolsey Hall Candidate obtained the GLADSTONE Memorial Prize (for 1st Place) and the GERSTENBERG Studentship.**

Prospectus

and Guide to the London University B.Sc. Econ. Degree may be obtained post free from the Director of Studies, Dept. VH 82,

Wolsey Hall, Oxford

PROPRIETORS: DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LTD.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Senate invite applications for the Rhodes Chair of Imperial History tenable at King's College. Salary £1,000 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on February 21st, 1938, by the ACADEMIC REGISTRAR, University of London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars should be obtained.

OPPORTUNITY for first-class linguist to acquire a working interest in a well-known publishing business specialising in foreign language publications and dictionaries. Must be young, enterprising and intelligent. Box 292, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG English Lady requires to work passage to India as companion or nurse to child. RATCLIFF, 73 Sutton Court Rd., W.4.

WANTED, by Russian-born Briton Socialist, over 40. Any adequately paid work needing intelligence, where foreign accent, etc., not impediment. Expert accountant and industrial organiser. Graduate in law and economics. Box 300, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG married woman (25), requires full or part time post in Oxford. College trained, Domestic subjects Diploma, knowledge of Dietetics, some catering experience. Can typewrite. Box 288, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

EDUCATED Cook-housekeeper (working). Trained, experienced, thirties. Care cottage nr. London preferred. Box 290, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WOMAN, 26, all-round capable and willing, seeks good POST in or very near London. Household, outdoor, typing, learner-driver. Box 296, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED Secretary-Shorthand-Typist seeks interesting post. Free in one month. Box No. 297, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

GRADUATE, 27, seeks post in progressive modern school. Teach English, French, Latin. Partnership considered ultimately. Box No. 299, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

QUAKERISM

QUAKERISM. Information and literature respecting the faith and practice of the Religious Society of Friends, free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

PRINTERS

PRINTING. Programmes, Noteheads, Leaflets, Periodicals, etc. Modern Layout, Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices. V. M. BEACH, Tongham, Farnham, Surrey. Runfold 155.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square. S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly: with dinner, 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic.: 7289.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS, managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

TORQUAY, Howden Court. 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun Lounge. Private bath and sitting-room if required, h. and c. in bedroom. Tel.: 2807. A.A. appointed. Also Service Flat in Hotel.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

WINTER IN THE ENGLISH LAKES. Enjoy a mild climate in peaceful surroundings. Moderate winter rates for comfortable furnished cottages with every modern convenience. Booklet N, from Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, AMBLESIDE.

TORQUAY. Hotel Villa Como. Glorious sea views, h. and c. bedrooms, good food, garage. Terms, 2 *gns.* weekly.

BRIGHTON (Saltdean). Comf. furn. det. brick Bungalow, on Downs, facing sea. Sleep 7. All-electric (½d. unit). All convs. From 21s. wk. OWNER, 25 Church Crescent, N.20. Enterprise 2628.

CONGENIAL Company and comfort for the non-conventional. Write for illustrated brochure. VERNON SYMONDS, "Netherwood," The Ridge, Hastings. Telephone: Baldslow 19.

W. SUSSEX. Fifteenth-cent. house, modernised. Downs. Easy reach golf, coast. ALLUM, Thatched Eaves, Bignor, Pulborough (Sutton 229).

SURREY—Nr. SHERE—amongst pines and heather. Restful accommodation offered. Charming garden (3 acres). Every comfort and convenience. Box 287, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

2 *GNS.* weekly for all modern comforts. Central heating, open fires, running H. & C. Golf, riding available. White Lodge, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 9614.

EASTBOURNE, "Mona" House, Compton St. Small comfortable private hotel, two mins. sea, Devonshire Park. Mod. inclusive terms. 'Phone: 2597. MATTHEWS.

FINLAND. WINTER SPORTS or SUMMER HOLIDAYS. Write for details, FINNISH TRAVEL BUREAU, 7 Victoria St., S.W.1. Abbey 5300.

RIVIERA HOTEL, DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7s. inclusive.

CROIX-VALMER (VAR). KENSINGTON-HOTEL, plein midi, grand parc et forêt, tennis, tous confort, appt. avec bain. Pension 50 à 80.

PENSION, VILLA SAINT MICHEL, CROIX VALMER (VAR). Du Soleil, des fleurs, bois d pins, jardin, bord de mer. Tout Confort, Pension 45 à 60

MIEDERS-STUBAITAL-TIROL, by bus ½ hour from Innsbruck. 3,000ft. above sea level. Ideally situated for winter sports. Pension terms Engl. sh. 7s. daily. For particulars apply HERR BECK, Gasthof Kreuter.

IN A RIVIERA VALLEY, a country house with sunny, sheltered terrace and gardens leading to the sea, you will find absolute quiet, modern comforts. Pension: Winter, from 40 *frs.* Summer, from 50 *frs.* LES PALMERAIES DE VALMER, LA CROIX, VAR, FRANCE.

10 DAYS Winter Sports in Chamonix for £7 15s. 0d., 17 days £10 5s. 0d. Feb. 11th and other Fridays. Ski lessons. Popular Front companions. Guide book from PROSPECT TOURS LTD., 115 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. TEM. 3371.

MENTON-GARAVAN Hotel Marina, centre bay. Highly recommended. Pension from 35; facing south from 40. Excellent cuisine, confort, moderne. Open all year.

CHARGES FOR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

DETAILS of rates for single or a series of insertions will be found on page 141 of this issue.

BUMPUS

Exchange your Book Tokens now, before you lose them or someone throws them away—and exchange them at Bumpus where your choice is unlimited.

J. & E. BUMPUS, LTD., BOOKSELLERS to HIS MAJESTY THE KING

477 OXFORD STREET, W.1

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs

One Year, post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months " "	15s. 0d.
Three " " "	7s. 6d.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

setting for Campion's wedding masque of 1607 was not provided by Inigo Jones, and, indeed, could not have been, seeing that he was then in Italy. Lastly, it is curious that the design for an uncommon type of proscenium frame reproduced in Fig. 14 of the book as "for an unidentified masque" should be unaccompanied by any textual comment, viewing the fact that Miss Eleanore Boswell in her book on *The Restoration Court Theatre* advances sound reasons for believing that the design was the work of Webb, Jones's pupil, and made for old Rowley's private theatre. One is puzzled to know why this question should be left hanging in the air. But, since Professor Nicoll's books have mostly the good fortune to reach a second edition, there may be an opportunity to repair the omission. W. J. LAWRENCE

A GERMAN'S ESCAPE

Escape to the Present. By JOHANNES STEEL. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.

Johannes Steel acquired sudden celebrity in June, 1934, with a "scoop" in a New York paper forecasting several days in advance the German massacres of June 30th. He left Germany in 1933 after escaping from a Nazi prison in circumstances reminiscent of Monte Cristo, or even Münchausen. In his book he describes how he bashed his sleeping brute of an S.A. warder over the head with a poker, how he dressed up in the man's uniform, and then cheerfully walked out of jail. *Escape to the Present* is the autobiography of a young German who went to school during the war (in which his father, a man with "a terrific *Kaiser Bart* moustache," served as a superior officer), who lived through the inflation period by speculating on foreign currency; who, later, met various statesmen of the Weimar Republic, including Dr. Schacht (with whom he seems to have been closely acquainted, though it is not quite clear in what capacity), and who, after the Nazi revolution, escaped from Germany. After a cheerless year in France and England, Steel decided to shake the dust of Europe off his feet. "The present," to him, is America; Europe, to him, is dead—politically, spiritually and economically. This case against Europe, however, is stated lightly, one might almost say, cheaply. Perhaps the best part of the book is not in the autobiography, but in the "close-ups" of some remarkable specimens who now hold high office in the Nazi Reich: cranks, crooks and various maniacs, such as the schoolmaster who invented the Aryan Jesus, who all but missed being locked up in a lunatic asylum under the Weimar Republic, but whom Hitler found "useful," and placed in a position of high responsibility, or, worse still, power. Altogether, despite its subject, an entertaining rather than dramatic story. A. B.

SHORTER NOTICES

The British Isles: A Geographic and Economic Survey. By L. DUDLEY STAMP and S. H. BEAVER. Second Edition. *Longmans.* 25s.

This invaluable survey, which first appeared four years ago, has now been substantially revised, especially in the sections dealing with iron and steel and the heavy industries in general. The authors, however, have not made large changes in the agricultural section, except in the chapter dealing with soils and soil improvement, on the ground that it is not yet possible to estimate the long-run trends resulting from the Agricultural Marketing Acts and other recent measures. The heavy industries receive the fullest treatment, as before; and the newer industries are still dealt with in a somewhat sketchy way, in relation to their growing importance in the total structure of British industry. Nor is there any attempt to survey distribution or the services, as distinct from manufactures, even in outline; and the unaccountable omission of any account of the importance and development of the building industry, apart from certain of its raw materials, remains unremedied. The closing sections on population, urban development, and kindred matters are still much less satisfactory than the earlier chapters. Indeed, the book still tends to be mainly a survey of raw materials, productive resources, and primary industries rather than a balanced economic survey of the whole of Great Britain's economic life. Within its limits, however, it is an exceedingly useful piece of work.

From the Ground Up. By A. R. POWYS. *Dent.* 6s.

A. R. Powys loved buildings, as he proved by his work for the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. But he loved them in his own way, as a groom loves his horses or a nurse her children, rather than as proud works of art. A work of art in architecture, if so regarded, may be capable of analysis down to the last flake of mortar, but it refers its would-be intimates to the mind of the man who designed it. Powys disdained what would have seemed to him this second-hand inquiry. For him buildings were expressions not so much of the human mind as of the human hand. Thus, he cultivated the criterion of honesty in architecture: the arch at the bottom of Kingsway is a "lie," because the rest of Bush House is offices and the arch does not proclaim this fact. This sort of argument certainly keeps the critic's feet on the ground. But it often keeps his mind there as well, and it does not stand the test of application to the accepted masterpieces. Nor has it saved Powys from an enthusiastic temerity in other contexts which betrays either ignorance of architecture as a whole or a lack of self-control as a writer. Talking of the semi-dome to this same arch, he says: "Seldom has any concave surface in a similar position been more skilfully decorated." In the case of Westminster Cathedral, he finds "no reason to doubt that this is the most important work of architecture produced in England since St. Paul's was built." And Waterloo Bridge is "one of the perfect buildings of the world." One wonders, in face of these opinions, how much of the world—as the scene of architecture—Powys had studied. To put it shortly, his monument is to be found, not in his writings, but where he would have wished it: in the files of the S.P.A.B. at No. 20 Buckingham Street, off the Strand.

A Vision. By W. B. YEATS. *Macmillan.* 15s.

Yeats' name does not require a blurb to claim that a book of his is "important"; still less a book that sets out "the esoteric principles, doctrines and experiences from which much of his most notable work . . . derives its inspiration and significance." *A Vision* not only has this claim, but also a puff from A. E. suggesting that it "may be discussed feverishly by commentators a century hence"—offering the parallel of Blake's prophetic books, "so unintelligible a hundred years ago." But prolonged struggles with the "system" and comparisons with those poems in which the same symbols are used suggest that their significance is not increased by the confused notions of gyres and phases, lunar cycles and zodiacal houses, in which Mr. Yeats' psychic dictators materialise their mediaeval doctrine of fundamental antinomies and revolutions. If he is right about the causes of the maturity of "The Tower" and "The Winding Stair," the affable familiar ghosts who spoke nightly through his wife's lips must indeed have given him "intelligence"; but that the record of this "intelligence" is necessary to the poetic significance of his later works does not follow. The "Instructors," the "Singing-masters of my soul," as he called them in "Sailing to Byzantium," elected to formulate their "system" in terms of uncommon and unnecessary obscurity and to illustrate it with mechanic-parallels with no relation to ordinary mechanics. The complicated gyrations of the four energies, Will, Mask, Creative Mind, and Body of Fate, symbolised by the lunar phases, firstly enable Mr. Yeats to classify a number of celebrated names, such as: Spinoza and Savonarola; Keats, Giorgione and many beautiful women. The last section, though contributing nothing to the significance of "Two Songs from a Play," passes on to prophecy. The next religious era, or the start of the succeeding "antithetical" civilisation, will occur when the vernal equinox is associated with the sign of Aries. Well, there may be something in it. But the system as it is gives too wide a latitude of interpretation. The classification is well worth reading for such random comments as those on Carlyle, Byron and A. C. Bradley: "he hated the common heart; an arrogant sapless man." The "system" is, however, too private. The best part of the book is the "Stories of Michael Robartes," where the prose has a spirit and vitality which vanishes for good on p. 67: the exposition of the Giraldine system is in language that is dry, sapless, and insensitive. Perhaps the "Ille" of "Ego Dominus Tuus" was near it with his

> "Those men that in their writings are most wise
> Own nothing but their blind stupefied hearts."

The Spanish Inquisition. By CECIL ROTH. *Hale.* 12s. 6d.

A mass of detail relating to the Spanish Inquisition is here arranged to show how it was primarily an instrument of government tyranny used to enforce unity and political obedience upon Spain; even the Pope was often powerless to interfere. At first it persecuted Jews, the Moors and, in its last period, Protestants. Once it had begun from political causes, it continued from its own momentum, from the religious zeal it had stimulated and for the benefit of the profession that served it; it won popular support by staging spectacular burnings. All this is well known to historians, but what Dr. Roth skilfully points out is how close, not only in spirit, but even in details of organisation and in methods of propaganda, etc., the present political fanaticisms are to the Inquisition. This book is slightly spoilt by being written with a view to popularity, by its discursiveness and by the author's incapacity to control his indignation.

Cruise of the Conrad. By ALAN VILLIERS. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 20s.

Here is a good travel book. The author, an Australian, describes a voyage round the world in a 212-ton frigate, the *Joseph Conrad*. The vessel was laid down at Copenhagen in 1881, and as the *Georg Stage* served for many years as a training ship for the Danish mercantile marine. In 1934 she was about to be broken up when Mr. Villiers bought her, proposing to use her as a schoolship for English boys. But in six weeks, although letters poured in from girls, only one boy applied. So Mr. Villiers decided to navigate this last surviving frigate round the world, and in due course he collected a crew and set sail

BOARD RESIDENCE

COMFORT and convenience at Crescent Court, 49 West Cromwell Road, Earl's Court. FLA. 3230.

CHELSEA. Bright medium-sized divan-sitting room Overlooks quiet terrace. H. and c. basin. With breakfast, 25s. p.w. Also 2 unfurn. rooms, ground floor. Flaxman 0984.

MODERN Divan Service Rooms with baths and breakfast, from 6s. 6d. per night. Doubles 50s.; Singles, 30s. p.w. Other meals served as desired. 3 mins. tube 'Phone: FLAX 1181. 29 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5.

FIRST-CLASS SUITES, FLATS, FLATLETS, etc., in both town and country. Personally inspected and recommended. Expert advice given. ANNE PAGE, Dorland House, 14 Lower Regent Street. WHI. 3258.

SOUTH KENSINGTON. Divan Rms., running water. Bed, brkfast., fr. 30s. wkly. 7 Cranley Gdns. KEN. 7738.

42 FINCHLEY RD., St. John's Wood. Personal super. Garage. Single fr. £2 5s.; dble. £4 10s. Pri. 5058.

SWISS COTTAGE, comfortable rms., central heating, unconventional atmosphere, no social compulsion. With board, 35s. and 2 *gns.*; 30s. sharing. PRIM. 6466.

A ROOM with individuality; food that pleases the palate and delights the imagination; cheerful, efficient service; really hot baths; from 37s. 6d. Belsize Ct., 56-57, Belsize Park, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. PRI 3934.

IN young man's garden-flat, attractive divan-rooms for men. Every convenience, close tube and bus. Meals and service as required, reasonable. PRI. 0758.

W.4. In charming house furnished chambers with service. Recommended by "N.S." readers. Overlooking river, garden, nr. tennis and golf. Housekeeper. Chis. 0160.

CHELSEA. Divan rooms (h. and c. basins). Single from 27s. 7d.; includes room, breakfast and baths, 6s. 6d. per night. Dinner optional. MISS BLAND, Flaxman House, 105 Oakley Street. Flax. 7284.

DO you want to be a paying guest? Consult Mabel Lethbridge first. THE CHEYNE WALK ESTATE AGENCY, S.W.3. Flaxman 5645.

IN a quiet street in Bloomsbury two small rooms to let furnished at £1 a week each, including service, lighting and baths. Telephone: Terminus 3822 before noon or after 6 p.m.

UNFURN. Near Swiss Cottage. Large airy rooms, studios, c.h.w., beaut. garden, service available; comfortable redec. house. 16 Belsize Square. PRI. 6757.

NOTTING HILL GATE. PEMBRIDGE HOUSE HOTEL, 28 Pembridge Gardens, W.2. High class, select, convenient 'bus, Met. Tube and gardens. Good cuisine. Reasonable terms. 'Phone: BAY. 3653.

EARL'S COURT. 62 LONGRIDGE ROAD. Just opened. Mod. fur. Apts. Concealed h. & c. Convnt. Fr. 20s. sgle., 40s. dble., inc. ser. Mls. opt. Ph.: FROB. 4166.

SWISS COTTAGE. 35 BROADHURST GDNS. Just opened. Newly dec. unfurn. Apt. H. & c. Convt. Fr. 21s., incl. bkfst. Mls. opt. 'Ph.: Maida Vale 8540.

WEST KENSINGTON. 19 BEAUMONT CRESCENT. Just opened. Modernly furn., newly dec. Apts. Convnt. Fr. 17s. 6d. Mls. opt. 'Ph.: Ful. 5169.

TYPEWRITING

REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING Technical MSS. and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Tel.: Holborn 6182.

DUPLICATING and TYPEWRITING, etc. Authors' MSS. Plays, Schedules, etc. All work guaranteed proof-read and checked. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LIMITED, 7 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1 (Mayfair 3163-4).

DUPLICATING and Typewriting, Authors' MSS. etc. SOUTH LONDON TYPEWRITING BUREAU, 51 Ruskin Walk, Herne Hill, S.E.24. Brixton 2863.

TYPEWRITING by experts at moderate prices. Duplicating. STEPHENS, 236 Croxted Road, S.E.24.

SECRETARIAL work, copying, trans. (Eng., French, Ital.), addressing, by expert stenographer. Miss JAY, 6 Kingsway Mans., 23a Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

NORFOLK Rush Carpeting is a serviceable floor covering of interesting pattern; very inexpensive. Samples and information obtainable from GERALD HOLTOM, Artist Decorator, 37 Willow Road, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM. 5790.

SEND us your old favourite suit and we will copy it exactly in one of our John Peel Tweeds. Prices from £4 17s. 6d. Suit, £2 17s. 6d. Jacket. Patterns and particulars from REDMAYNES, 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarth's, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. post free.

WEEK-END PARTY

LEFT Book Club Week-end Party. Jan. 29th-30th. Paul Raymond on "Spanish Testament." Dancing, cabaret. 10s. 6d. inc. or 7s. 6d. dormitory. Write "Netherwood," The Ridge, Hastings. Tel.: Baldslow 19.

NOTICE TO CLASSIFIED ADVERTISERS

Commencing with our issue dated February 5th, classified advertisements will be charged on a word basis instead of per line as hitherto. This arrangement will, we believe, be more convenient to advertisers in calculating the cost of their advertisements.

As will be seen, the new method of charging gives substantial discounts to those advertisers booking a series of advertisements. Next week's issue (January 29th) will be charged at our present rates per line.

RATES

3d. for each word* for single insertions

DISPLAYED LINES in CAPS or otherwise are charged at 1s. 9d. a line. Advertisements exceeding one inch are charged at 20s. for whole inches and 3d. a word for fractions of an inch.

SERIES DISCOUNTS are allowed for a series of advertisements, namely: 5% for 3 insertions; 10% for 13 insertions; 15% for 26 insertions and 20% for 52 insertions.

MINIMUM Twelve Words.

BOX NUMBERS—Add 1s. for Box Numbers. This charge includes forwarding replies.

PREPAYMENT—Small advertisements must be prepaid except where arrangements have been made for monthly accounts.

COPY should arrive by TUESDAY, and in any case not later than first post Wednesday.
Copy may be changed as often as desired without extra charge.
Please write on one side of the paper only.

TYPES—Restricted to our usual settings and no borders.

* ONE WORD: Place names, *e.g.*, Birmingham. Ashton-under-Lyne. Golders Green.
'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414
Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc.
TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street. 24 Broadway.

The Advertisement Manager
THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1
HOL. 3216.

PERSONAL

FRENCH conversation, etc. By Licenciée (Paris). Ring Euston 3809 between 1-3 p.m.

LITERARY RESEARCH, British Museum, etc., Box 291, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ARTIST with Sussex Cottage and studio would exchange for two months London studio accommodation. Box 289, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG Viennese Science Graduate, experienced in teaching, good mixer, would like *au pair* position as German tutor. Box 293, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

VIENNESE UNIVERSITY GRADUATE arranges private ski-ing party to Austria from Feb. 19th till March 5th. 12 *gns.*, all included. Box 295, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

DOCTOR (Continental), working in hospital, requires furnished room and breakfast in Bloomsbury. Moderate terms (No hotel or boarding residence accepted). Box 298, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

EASTER CRUISE
April 5th-24th, 1938
GREECE—TURKEY—ITALY.
Beautiful islands, magnificent scenery, unusual wild flowers, brilliant sunshine, bathing in turquoise sea. . . . VENICE, OLYMPIA, SPARTA, ATHENS, DELOS, TENOS, MYCENAE, EPIDAURUS, PERGAMOS, TROY, CONSTANTINOPLE, SAMOTHRACE, DELPHI, NAPLES, ROME.
From 29 to 80 *gns.*, including return rail fare London to Venice, meals en route, hotel accommodation in Italy, all excursions, etc. NO EXTRAS.
ANGLO-HELLENIC TOURS Ltd.,
8 Princes House, Princes Arcade, Piccadilly, W.1.

"THE ART OF RECORD BUYING"
Few gramophone users have time to compare all available versions of the particular works they wish to add to their collection. To help them make their choice we issue a booklet, "The Art of Record Buying," which gives the best recording of over 1,000 classical works. Send 2d. in stamps for a free copy. E.M.G. HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES LIMITED, 11 Grape Street, London, W.C.2. TEM. 7166-7.

JOHN McCALLUM Horoscopes accurately cast and individually interpreted. One guinea. Mention special problems. 154a High Street, Guildford.

RING WEL. 4950 or write to Anthony Panting, 5 Paddington Street, to make your portrait appointment before February when he leaves town.

NUDIST GATHERINGS. Wednesdays and Fridays at West London gymnasium. Write, enclosing stamped envelope: SECRETARY, National Sun and Air Association, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, Enquiries, etc. Terms moderate. Consultations free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES, 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 9058.

STOP SMOKING—quick, cheap, lasting as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write. CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251, Birmingham.

EXHIBITIONS

NEW ARCHITECTURE
AN EXHIBITION ORGANISED BY THE MARS GROUP
New Burlington Galleries, 3-5 Burlington Gardens, W.1. Daily, 10-8. Admission 1s.

ST. PANCRAS AND HOLBORN SPAIN WEEK. Spain Shop and Educational Exhibition (254 Euston Rd., opposite Maple's). Open daily, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., Jan. 21st to 29th.
The Spain Shop will have Spanish Fruit, Sweets, Pottery, Lace, Fans, Records, Books, Pictures. Refreshments on sale from 3 p.m., Fri., 21st. Eleanor Rathbone will open the shop.
The Exhibition, showing the new Spain being built by the Spanish Government, will be on view from 3 p.m., Sat. 22nd, and will be opened by the Spanish Ambassador.
All profits for Spanish Medical Aid.

CONCERTS

ST. PANCRAS and Holborn Spain Week. Spanish Concert, Wednesday, Jan. 26th, St. Pancras Town Hall, 8 p.m. Emma Marques, Basque children, Pardillos Quartette. Tickets (7s. 6d.—1s. 6d.) from COMMITTEE, 6 Gordon Square, W.C.1 (Museum 5410). Collet's Bookshop. Proceeds for mobile operating theatre.

IN AID OF CHINESE STUDENTS. A Concert of Seventeenth-Century Music will be given by the English Consort, in the Small Hall, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. on Monday, January 31st, at 8.15 p.m. Tickets price 10s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d., reserved; 2s. 6d. unreserved; 1s. 6d., special student price, can be obtained from International Student Service, 49 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

CONVALESCENT HOMES

HOVE.—Convalescent Home, vacancies for guests. H. & C. Comfort. Freedom. Efficient night and day nursing staff. Lounge. Central heating and coal fire. Apply Box 294, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

from Ipswich. Across the Atlantic to New York; down to Rio; thence to the Cape with a call at Tristan da Cunha; Bali, Singapore, the Solomons, to Sydney and Melbourne; New Zealand and Tahiti, round the Horn to finish at New York. The voyage occupied a little more than two years, with 555 days at sea; the distance sailed was nearly 58,000 miles. There is plenty of adventure. The ship was driven ashore in a blizzard on Brooklyn rocks; gales in the roaring forties fully tested the young crew, for the ship was no larger than Captain Bligh's *Bounty*. The story loses nothing in the telling. Mr. Villiers writes a straightforward narrative vividly and modestly. He describes Tahiti as the best tropic island in the world, the Polynesians happy under the control of the gay and convivial French. "Too often under other jurisdictions, there seems a greater anxiety to see the native with trousers than with a smile." There are two appendices with a detailed description of the ship and an extract of the log: drawings of the sail plan and the hull in plan and elevation: and a glossary of terms used in square-rig sailing. The illustrations are photographs, all interesting, many beautiful.

The Land that Time Forgot. By MICHAEL LEAHY and MAURICE CRAIN. *Hurst and Blackett.* 12s. 6d.

Modern gold prospecting is a scientific job, requiring patience and large capital. The former is supplied by men like Michael Leahy. His first gold rush was a mad dash through the jungle and almost cost him his life. Later, as the employee of a gold mining company, he did his prospecting carefully, supported by aeroplanes and money—a safer and more profitable, if less romantic, method. His work has been done in New Guinea, and the interest of his book lies not in the excitement of a treasure hunt but in the discovery of uncharted land, for which he was awarded the coveted Murchison Grant. The newly discovered territory is densely populated by natives living on their gardens and pigs, and only occasionally on cannibalism. Once, when a man's wife had been communally eaten, one of Leahy's guides expressed great disgust with the husband, who carried sentiment too far by refusing to eat. Always at war with each other, they do not believe in natural death and, should a man die in bed, they will hold a council to decide what devil was responsible. The author is therefore fortunate in being alive to write his book, as we are fortunate in being able to read the record of such an observant traveller.

About Motoring

LETTER FROM AMERICA

I OPEN by quoting a paragraph extracted from an Englishman's letter written during his first visit to the United States. His "background"—as his temporary associates would say—is that of a professional engineer and an enthusiastic motorist:

> ". . . this is a *grand* country! Their cars are all heated, and every window has a defroster. All of them have radio, and aren't they cheap? The Ford V8 sells for about £160, and the smaller 22 h.p. model for £125. British car manufacturers are asleep—why do they charge £300 for what would rank as a small car over here, and would never find a solitary buyer? They leave their cars out all night in the street here, though it is below zero at the moment, and occasionally drops as far as 30° below. Nevertheless, these cars will start up instanter next morning, and can be driven straight away without spluttering. Windscreens keep very much cleaner than in England—the mudguarding is better, and there don't seem to be so many small bugs committing suicide on them. The Federal tax is included in the price of the car, and all the extra you have to pay is the State tax, which is based upon weight, and on any normal vehicle doesn't exceed a fiver. Altogether, this is a motorist's Paradise."

This letter interested me enormously, because its writer, although employed in a sister branch of engineering, and a highly educated man (public school, university, etc., etc.) is, to a very large extent, talking through his hat, and utterly fails to identify the factors which inspire his discontented reaction against the motor manufacturers of his own nation. I propose to glance at his points seriatim, as if an engineer can form such unfair judgments, a Briton totally ignorant of the contrasted conditions may conceive far more violent prejudices against British car manufacturers, who are on the whole a remarkably able set of men.

Taking his points in order: we can heat the interior of cars, and a small percentage of our cars are so heated; but the public as a whole does not desire interior heating, nor is it justified by our climate. Such heating vastly intensifies condensation on the interior surfaces of all glazing (windscreen and windows), and correspondingly hampers outlook. Such condensation cannot economically be remedied except over a small panel directly in front of the driver's face; and anybody who has driven such a car, with his vision limited to a small clear oblong, say 12in. × 4in. ahead of his nose, infinitely prefers the better vision and lower temperature of a standard British car. Interior heating can at present only be tolerated when the outside temperature renders heating imperative, i.e. on perhaps one day of an average British winter. Moreover, the vast majority of American cars still lack the "defroster" panel with which my correspondent falsely credits them.

He is perfectly correct about prices. But the American factory cannot teach the large British plants (Morris, Standard, Austin, Vauxhall, etc.) anything about cheap production. The low American prices are not now due to more scientific methods of manufacture. They are mainly ascribable to factors which do not exist in Great Britain. The first is a gigantic home market, based partly on population—the United States contains very nearly 100,000,000 more people than Britain; partly on wages—in this country hardly a single artisan in receipt of weekly wages owns a 1937 motor car, whereas in America except in slumps and depressions the factories of all industries have to provide vast parking spaces for the cars in which their artisans arrive at work; partly on the fact that American conditions permit every motorist to own and run a good-sized six-cylinder car, so that a plant can concentrate on one or two models, whereas the motor market here is split into innumerable strata, and even a mass-production plant in this country must build a host of models—at one period the Morris interests were building a couple of dozen six-cylinders, all different. These low prices are further assisted by two other factors, namely, the very low price of petrol or "gas," which is a native product in the States, and by the Government policy, which keeps taxes at a very low level, and imposes no arbitrary limits on design, such as our own horse-power scale of motor taxation has always inflicted upon our own engineers.

Any British car can be fitted with radio, and most catalogues to-day quote for this option, while an increasing number of cars are planned so that a radio set can be installed very simply. The cost of car radio is higher than in the States, for reasons which should now be obvious; and it is questionable whether it does not add to the dangers of the road by weakening a driver's "attention"; some experts hold that it should be forbidden except for the purpose of beguiling chauffeurs whilst waiting in parks for their employers.

I can leave my car out in the street all night, and rely upon it to start instanter next morning; it is a 1937 model of British make. As much is true of a great many British cars. Any British car can have its water system frost-proofed as easily as any American car and by similar methods, namely, the addition of a chemical mixture to the cooling water. It is true that American cars have in the past started more easily at very low temperatures than British cars—this merit was forced on American designers by the extremities of their climate, and of late years has been almost universally copied over here. But as long ago as 1920 I kept two cars and my garage only held one; the other lived out of doors, and always started—on the handle, too, for it had no starting dynamo—at the first attempt on cold mornings!

It is not true that the average American car of 1937–1938 vintage has better mudguarding than the average British car of similar date; after all, we import a great many American cars, and have ample opportunity to test their mudguarding. It is possible, though doubtful, that their roads are less dusty than ours. My correspondent presumably imagines that screens keep cleaner in the States because he has only motored there at zero temperature, when all the small fry of the insect world have been frozen to death, and dust particles are gummed to their beds by the cold.

He is correct in noticing the lower level of taxation in the States; but it is useless to gird at our Governments for bleeding the motorist without suggesting how they can reduce their budgets or raise the present revenue from alternative sources without inflicting even greater hardship upon their citizens!

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 411

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best motto in prose or verse for two of the following: policewoman, magistrate, striptease artist, commissionaire, lighthouse keeper, conjurer, waiter, dramatic critic, minor Royalty, R.A.F. pilot, scoutmaster, street-sweeper, première danseuse.

Company Meeting

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

MR. EDWIN FISHER'S ADDRESS

The 43rd Ordinary General Meeting of Barclays Bank Limited was held on Thursday in London. Mr. Edwin Fisher (Chairman) presided.

The Chairman, at the outset of his address, expressed his deep regret at the death of The Right Hon. The Earl Peel, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.B.E., referred to the retirement from the Board of the two Directors, The Right Hon. The Viscount Wimborne, P.C., and Mr. Charles Henry Dent, and touched on the loss they had suffered through the deaths of their Staff Manager, Mr. Claude Douglas Carruthers and that of the President of Barclays Bank (Canada), The Right Hon. Sir Robert Laird Borden, P.C., G.C.M.G., LL.D., K.C. He continued by informing the shareholders that the Bank's network of Local Districts, a system of decentralisation, was now complete and went on to say (in part):

THE ECONOMIC SITUATION.

The past year has not been without its anxieties, which, as the months have passed, may have served to cause some diminution in that confidence which has carried us through five years of recovery. In the United States of America there has been a definite decline in business activity. It would appear, however, that the reasons underlying much of the recession in business on the other side of the Atlantic have been domestic rather than international, and it is to be hoped that lost confidence will soon be regained. That trade is good in the United Kingdom at the moment no one will deny.

We cannot, however, ignore the fact that recently there has been some fall from the high levels of production and employment attained earlier in the year. The heavy industries, which include iron and steel, engineering and shipbuilding, may be expected to remain active, and although, naturally, the Government's rearmament programme has affected them favourably, there are other factors which have helped to make the heavy industries, as a whole, leaders in the general prosperity which is being enjoyed. For reasons which are well known and universally accepted, we have been forced to embark upon a rearmament programme of unprecedented dimensions in time of peace, involving a heavy burden upon the country—a burden which does not cease with the completion of the programme. It is to be hoped, therefore, that a growth of good will and mutual understanding between the nations may make it possible to reduce expenditure on armaments and so lead to a lightening of national budgets. Our aim must be to ensure that, as the armaments work is completed, other work will be ready to take its place and that preoccupation with production for defence purposes does not cause us to neglect our overseas markets. Overseas trade is a vital necessity to this country, and if in the future we are to avoid deficits on our balance of international payments it seems that we must endeavour to narrow the gap between imports and exports of merchandise. This should be brought about by an increase of exports rather than by a curtailment of imports, and our efforts to secure markets abroad should, therefore, be active and unceasing.

CURRENT AND DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS

Current, Deposit and Other Accounts, on 31st December last, amounted to the record figure for this Bank of £434,645,323, and showed an increase of about £5 million compared with the figure twelve months earlier, while the average of our Deposits for 1937 was greater by £12.6 million. The total is very widely spread, both as to locality and industry. We have about 1,850,000 Accounts, and the increase during the year has been well maintained. The total of our Cash in Hand and with the Bank of England, at £54,839,825, is higher by nearly £3 million than at the end of December, 1936, and the ratio of this item to the total of our Current, Deposit and Other Accounts, stands at 12.61 per cent., compared with 12.08 per cent. a year ago. Our Money at Call and Short Notice, at £27,068,850, is a little higher than at the end of December, 1936.

At the close of 1937 the total of our Bills Discounted shown in our Balance Sheet was £50,362,681, of which over £25 million were Treasury Bills. Discount rates have shown little change compared with the previous year, the average tender rate at which Treasury Bills were allotted during 1937 having fallen slightly to the low level of 11s. 2d. per cent., against 11s. 7d. per cent. for the preceding twelve months.

Now that the recovery in trade has brought about a welcome increase in the demand for loans and overdrafts, it would be natural to expect some decrease in the holdings of securities of the Banks, and the figures for our own Bank show that the funds required to satisfy the larger demands of our Customers for accommodation have been provided in part by a reduction of our Investments which, excluding our holdings in Affiliated Banks, have fallen to £102,423,395, compared with £109,367,473 at the end of 1936.

ADVANCES.

There has been a considerable expansion in our Advances during the past twelve months, the total on 31st December last being £196,264,896, compared with £179,655,011 at the end of 1936. An analysis of our Advances, as at the end of November last, shows that the number of Customers borrowing from the Bank at that time had increased, compared with the end of November, 1936, from 202,228 to 215,688, and there had been a slight rise in the amount of the average Advance, from £854 to £887. It is also notable that the increase in the number of borrowers occurred mainly amongst those having Advances not exceeding £1,000.

The Chairman then referred in detail to the high level of building construction which had been maintained in the past year, and to the importance for this country of maintaining good conditions in the agricultural industry. He continued, saying: The Net Profit for the year ended 31st December last, after payment of all charges and after making provision for all Bad and Doubtful Debts and for Contingencies, amounted to the sum of £2,133,825 3s. 11d. and showed an increase of £239,464 3s. 6d. compared with the previous year. The Directors have decided to appropriate a sum of £500,000 as an addition to the Published Reserve of the Bank, making that Fund £10,750,000. A sum of £200,000 has been applied towards the reduction of Premises Account. After making these appropriations, the Directors recommend the payment of dividends at the same rates as previously, namely, 10 per cent. per annum on the "A" Shares, and 14 per cent. per annum on the "B" and "C" Shares, less Income Tax, involving a total of £1,562,202 2s. for the year, leaving the sum of £511,390 15s. 3d. to be carried forward.

THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION.

The experience of our Affiliated Banks operating overseas and of our Foreign Branches in London and the Provinces confirms the indications, apparent in other directions, of the improvement in economic conditions which has been a feature in many parts of the world during 1937. According to calculations made by the Economic Intelligence Service of the League of Nations, the volume of world trade has advanced and is only slightly below the level of the year 1929. Satisfactory as this progress may be in some respects, we are approaching a time when the raising of the standard of living will depend more and more upon the lessening of restrictions to international commerce. This fact was publicly recognised over a year ago, in the Declaration on Monetary Policy made by the Governments of France, the United States and this country. This Declaration and the adjustments which were made in the values of a number of Continental currencies—notably those of France, Switzerland, Holland and Italy—were followed by action on the part of certain of the countries concerned, in reducing tariffs and relaxing quota restrictions. In 1937, there have been other instances of the unilateral reduction of trade barriers. But much remains to be done, and the method of bilateral agreement, slow as this must necessarily be, still seems to be the main practicable way of reducing trade barriers between countries.

In the past, this country has greatly assisted in the development of the resources of the world by the provision of long-term capital. In recent years, the new money provided for this purpose by the creditor countries has suffered a drastic reduction, in fact, there are indications that the amount of new issues on foreign account in the important lending markets of the world has been less than the redemption, repayment and repatriation of old foreign loans. It is not always fully appreciated that a very large part of the imports which we need to maintain the standard of living of the country is paid for by the income received in respect of the savings of British investors. To argue that losses in the past have been made in respect of loans from this country for development abroad, takes us nowhere, and to refrain from foreign lending on that score alone, would be unreasonable, though care must of necessity be used in the selection of the project to be financed. Owing to the Government's defence programme and the expansion in imports to form the basis of domestic consumption, there has been a large rise in the adverse balance of merchandise trade, and it might well be that a substantial proportion of any money lent abroad should be expended here upon the purchase of British goods. We should, however, aim at least at maintaining our external capital and keep before us the desirability, where possible, of providing funds for sound development abroad, which, in itself, would do much to increase world trade.

The disturbance caused to commodity and financial markets in April last, when rumours, which were subsequently denied, were circulating as to the possibility of a reduction in the United States buying price for gold, indicates the uncertainty that will always be present until it proves possible to revive an international monetary system. We should, therefore, not wait indefinitely before taking some steps in a direction which holds such great possibilities for the improvement of world trade. A resumption of overseas lending, if and when it becomes possible and prudent, would supply a much-needed lubricant and would bring nearer the goal of stabilisation. It cannot be too strongly emphasised, however, that the three interlocking measures necessary to a return to more satisfactory world conditions, namely freer trade, a revival of overseas lending and the stabilisation of currencies, depend upon a revival of confidence. Unfortunately, in recent years, action by individual countries has not always been such as to contribute to that confidence without which real progress cannot be made. The effect of the War has been to disturb both material and moral values. If the world position is to be improved, as we should wish to see it improved, every country must be prepared to make its contribution in at least one of these directions.

The report was unanimously adopted.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 28th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 409

Set by Allan Laing

The usual prizes are offered for a pair of the wittiest, wickedest personal Clerihews for despatch as a sort of greeting card to any famous, notorious or well-known person. The verses must, of course, be the competitor's own work, and it is not perhaps superfluous to add that it is possible to be wicked and witty without being libellous.

Report by Allan Laing

The point of a competition of this sort is, in my view, to elicit for general circulation good new clerihews, and therefore what space I have should be used not for comment but for quotation. I will only apologise for a certain ambiguity in the competition's terms—an ambiguity, however, which should not have led experienced competitors to send entries of one, three or seven clerihews. Here are the best of the bunch, not necessarily in order of merit:

When Rothermere
Said newsprint was not dear
Beaverbrook
Gave him a dirty look. (R. D. C.)

Miss Edith Sitwell
Wears hats that do not fit well:
Her brow is so high,
That's why. (E. W. Fordham.)

Beverley Nichols
Never eats pickles.
It seems rather a shame
When you knew them all by name. (Redling.)

Comrade Stalin
Had only one failin':
Whether you were his friend or not
Sooner or later you got shot. (William Bliss.)

Mr E. Clerihew Bentley
Must not be treated gently
For his reprehensible lapse
In concentrating on chaps:

For, as our modern Sir Lancelot
Proclaims, we should advance a lot
By confining all knowledge
To what he learnt at college. (N. H. Romanes.)

Dear Sir Samuel Hoare
You must try once more:
It's difficult to practise duplicity
With all this publicity. (W. R. Y.)

(His Grace of Canterbury):
Re Call to Religion
(Though hardly our pigeon)
Did the sheep who were called
Get stalled? (A. P-R.)

The ambassador of Japan
Is an extremely courteous man.
If only to show his tact
The military feel compelled to act. (Sootblack.)

Mr. Robert Lynd
Has continually sinned.
It is the devil's disguise
To be Y. Y. (K. M. Hamilton.)

Robert Taylor
Was an indifferent sailor.
He lived in constant dread
Of fans under the bed. (Waynflete.)

I award the first prize to E. W. Fordham, both of whose clerihews are delightfully witty and wicked; and the second prize goes to Dythe, mainly for her haughty verse on Mussolini.

FIRST PRIZE

Miss Mae West
Is one of the best:
I would rather not
Say the best what.
Lord Lonsdale
Will rarely fail
To hunt on any day
When not occupied by the R.S.P.C.A. E. W. FORDHAM.

SECOND PRIZE

If only Mr. Hitler
Had been a licensed victualler,
He would have made, no doubt,
A champion chucker-out.
Il Duce Mussolini
Addressed his wife as "Queenie,"
And looked round with a squint
To see if they took the hint. DYTHE.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 264.—LAWN TENNIS

(By the Rt. Hon. F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, M.P.)

Definition of a Lawn-Tennis Court:

A lawn-tennis court consists of an outer rectangle 78ft. × 36ft., two inner side lines running the whole length of the court and being 4ft. 6in. inside the outer side lines, two service lines 18ft. from the back lines crossing the court from one inner side line to the other, and a centre line running from the middle of one service line to the middle of the other.

What is the shortest distance that must be traversed in marking out a lawn-tennis court, on the assumption that the marker is never lifted from the ground until the marking is complete?

PROBLEM 262.—PROMOTIONS AT PINHEAD

(By A. J. Fisher)

Solution by J. M. Rhoades:

There were 414 boys in the school in September, of which 100 were new.

Let the number of boys in each form in July (from VI to III) be a, b, c, d, e, f and the number of new boys in Remove IV and III be m, n, p, respectively. Then the September numbers are:

(VI) $\frac{8}{9}a + \frac{8}{9}b$, (U V) $\frac{1}{2}c - 6$, (LV) $\frac{2}{3}d - 2 + \frac{1}{4}m$ (Remove) $8 + m + \frac{3}{8}(e - 5)$, (IV) $\frac{8}{9}(e - 5) + \frac{14}{15}f + n$, (III) $\frac{1}{15}f + p$.

The equations following from the data given are:

(1) $b - 1 = \frac{1}{2}c - 6$
(2) $c + 1 = \frac{2}{3}d + \frac{1}{4}m - 2$
(3) $8 + m + \frac{3}{8}(e - 5) = \frac{4}{9}d + \frac{1}{4}m - 3$
(4) $c = d - 18$
(5) $\frac{8}{9}(e - 5) + \frac{14}{15}f + n = e + 8$
(6) $\frac{8}{9}(e - 5) + 5 = \frac{1}{2}c$
(7) $\frac{1}{15}f + p = \frac{8}{9}a + \frac{8}{9}b - 5$
(8) $\frac{1}{15}f + p = a + 2$
(9) $f = \frac{1}{2}c - 6 + 10$

(2) and (3) can be solved as simultaneous equations in d and m, substituting values for c and e obtained from (4) and (6). Hence $m = 20$, $d = 100$, and $c = 82$, $e = 95$. From (1) $b = 36$, and the values $f = 45$, $a = 51$, $n = 25$, $p = 50$ follow from the other equations. So the September numbers are: 58, 35, 83, 82, 103, 53, and

$$m + \tfrac{1}{4}m + n + p = 100$$

Note.—The proportion of correct solutions received is much lower than usual. The point overlooked by most of those who have failed is that "the number of boys not promoted from the Fourth" included the five boys who left.

PROBLEM 261.—THIRTEEN TRICKS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to J. E. Wadey, 8 Wilmot Way, Banstead, Surrey. *Five* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

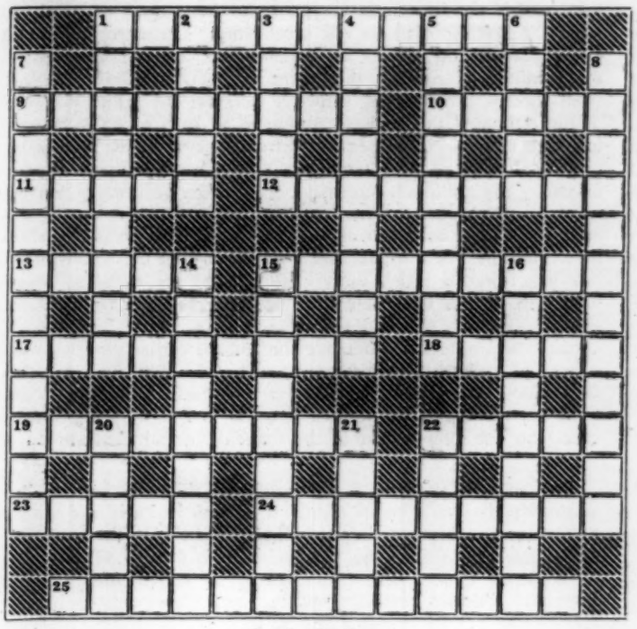
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 411

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Olive Mundy, 33 Goulden Road, Manchester 20

ACROSS

1. When correctly floored they come head to foot. (11)
9. Where a good hammering would not be out of place. (9)
10. At Whitsun it even may be inside. (5)
11. Second insects. (5)
12. It sounds as though thirst were intended. (9)
13. Stony county. (5)
15. The very reverse of a fire-proof material. (9)
17. Attitude for burial perhaps. (9)
18. A useful "outpainter." (5)
19. They constrain people to be well-wishers. (9)
22. Our Di is treed. (5)
23. Got round us in a somewhat irregular manner. (5)
24. Describes the pitch of the flat population, perhaps. (9)
25. The Quakers who couldn't come. (13)

DOWN

1. They religiously question people. (9)
2. They vibrate musically in some winds. (5)
3. Fishy sounding spot to put up with. (5)
4. Produces a clear tone. (9)
5. Reverse of being found at home. (9)
6. A polished disturbance. (5)
7. An expense not incurred by those who are late. (12)
8. Overstock the fashionable quarter. (12)
14. The sort of game that implies no company. (9)
15. Get the merchandise to harbour, there's a game fellow. (9)
16. What balloons do when inflated. (9)
20 (rev.). The fellow with the bails. (5)
21. Cobbler of Tours. (5)
22. Black Friday was his idea. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	H	E	A	D	O	V	E	R	H	E	E	L	S	■
D	■	M	■	R	■	A	■	O	■	A	■	L	■	L
R	H	I	N	A	L	G	I	A	■	R	E	E	V	E
E	■	N	■	K	■	U	■	S	■	M	■	S	■	A
S	I	E	V	E	■	E	X	T	R	A	C	T	E	D
S	■	N	■	■	■	■	B	■	R	■	U	■	■	I
I	N	T	O	P	■	B	R	E	A	K	D	O	W	N
N	■	■	■	O	■	L	■	E	■	E	■	■	■	G
G	O	O	D	S	T	U	F	F	■	D	O	O	R	S
G	■	U	■	T	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	P	■	T
O	U	T	N	U	M	B	E	R	■	S	T	E	E	R
W	■	D	■	L	■	E	■	E	■	E	■	N	■	I
N	R	O	C	A	■	A	R	M	Y	T	R	A	I	N
S	■	O	■	T	■	R	■	I	■	T	■	I	■	G
■	F	R	I	E	N	D	A	T	C	O	U	R	T	■

You enjoyed State Express
555 Cigarettes at Xmas,
why not smoke them
all the year round?
STATE EXPRESS
555
20 for 1/4 15 for 1/- 25 for 1/8

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

GILT-EDGED ACTIVITY—BALANCE OF PAYMENTS—THE FRANC—BANK PROFITS—PETROLEUM STORAGE

At the opening of the three-weeks' account, the Stock Exchange fell under the shadow of the French crisis, and if this crisis is not finally resolved, we shall not merely see the resignations of French politicians—we shall hear of the resignations of London stockbrokers. On the basis of the present volume of bargains, most stockbrokers could reduce their staff by 50 per cent. and still find business unprofitable. The only market which showed any liveliness this week was the gilt-edged—and on gilt-edged business the rate of commission is comparatively low. I would not care to say that the rise in gilt-edged prices is significant of trend or leadership. The buying has come partly from the banks—for the first time for years bank buying was reported this week—but mainly from various private sources, for example, foreigners who distrust the franc, trustees adding to their funds and a few speculators gambling on a good budget and a new Treasury funding loan. The table which follows shows the rise from the low levels of 1937 and the yields at present market prices of the "long" stocks:

	Low prices 1937.	Present price.	Gross Yield %. Flat.	Redemption.
Consols, 2½%	73⅛	75 11/16	£3 6 3	—
Local Loans, 3%	84 3/16	88½	£3 7 9	—
War Loan, 3½% (1952 or after)	99⅝	102½	£3 8 6	£3 6 6
Funding, 4% (1960–90) ..	109	113 12/16	£3 10 9	£3 3 6
Redemption, 3% (1986–96)	87	93	£3 5 0	£3 5 9

I would not care to trust the recent rise very far. Even if the budget results for 1937–38 are satisfactory, the Chancellor can hardly fail to issue a warning of the budgetary difficulties looming ahead in 1939–40. In spite of our clever monetary and exchange control, the strain on sterling resulting from our heavier imports for rearmament purposes is hardly the right background for a boom in the gilt-edged market.

* * *

To those who recall what a part was played by Britain's adverse balance of payments in the jeremiads of 1931, the equanimity with which the press has accepted the indications of nearly as large a deficit for 1937 are not unamusing. On merchandise and silver account the excess of imports over exports amounts to £443 millions. Against this there is the "invisible" income from foreign investments, shipping freights, etc. The Board of Trade estimated this to have amounted in 1936 to £325 millions in round figures, but subsequent calculations by Sir R. Kindersley and Dr. Isserlis of the Chamber of Shipping suggest that a figure of, say, £305 millions would have been nearer accuracy. Making allowance for higher freights, more tourist expenditure during and after the Coronation, and an increase of perhaps 10 per cent. in investment income from abroad, I doubt whether the "invisibles" last year totalled much more than £350–£355 millions, which would make the final deficit of the order of £90 millions, as compared with £104 millions estimated for 1931. There is, of course, the important difference that in the earlier year we were borrowing "short" from foreigners who placed floating balances in London and lending abroad on long term. Sterling is not rendered vulnerable by this factor to-day. But we are gradually eating up our foreign cake in the shape of investments abroad.

* * *

The course of the French franc exchange this week has reflected accurately the reactions of capitalist opinion in Paris and abroad to the successive moves in the political crisis. On the news that M. Blum, abandoning the vain attempt to form a Government of National Union, was endeavouring to reconstitute a Front Populaire Cabinet, including at least two Communists, the rate slumped to 153 for "spot" francs, with 162 quoted for delivery in three months' time. The announcement, however, that M. Blum had failed, in the absence of Radical-Socialist support, to form an administration, and that M. Chautemps was being invited to try again, led to abrupt bear covering, which carried the rate once more below 148. The recovery was not fully maintained on Tuesday, when doubts began to be felt whether a Government of Radical-Socialists without Socialist support could live longer than a few weeks. But on the eventual formation of a Cabinet by M. Chautemps there was renewed bear covering which carried the rate by Wednesday's close from 149½ to 148¾. Whatever be the future of M. Chautemps, the future of the franc seems precarious, from two points of view. Though the Exchange Account apparently gained the equivalent of £80–£100 millions of gold during the autumn, when repatriation of foreign balances was proceeding on a considerable scale, its resources have now been depleted by the repayment of £40 millions to London and by this month's exodus of flight-capital. The balance in hand to-day is probably well under £30 millions—not an impressive *masse de manoeuvre*. Furthermore, the Treasury's position has once more become "tight." Borrowings from the Bank of France are now within 5 milliards of the authorised limit, and forthcoming aggregate expenditure is by no means covered by the balanced ordinary budget. The best chance of achieving exchange stability would seem to lie in a bold measure of devaluation—say, to 200 francs to the pound, a rate which the authorities could support with good prospects of success. At any lower rate an annual expenditure (budgetary and loan) of 85 milliards by the State must ultimately prove intolerable.

* * *

Once more the accounts of the "Big Five" banks show a steady increase of net earnings. After providing for income tax and N.D.C., profits are still below those of 1929, but they are the highest since the depression. The Westminster Bank has added a 2 per cent. cash bonus to the 18 per cent. dividend on its £4 shares, thus restoring in effect the 1929 rate of distribution. The previous year's rate of dividend is maintained by its four competitors. During 1937 earnings on such assets as Treasury bills and short loans were obviously unremunerative, but the proportion of the banks' total resources represented by advances to customers increased, to the benefit of profit and loss accounts. This item is still below its pre-depression level, but the banks last year presumably had to do little in the way of writing off bad debts or making provision for "frozen" loans.

* * *

Many investors are puzzled by the fact that the 1s. deferred shares of Petroleum Storage sell at a premium of 4525 per cent.

An investment in the shares of forty leading British Banks. The shareholder is free from personal liability in respect of uncalled capital

TRUST of BANK SHARES

TRUSTEES
EQUITY & LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

BANKERS
BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED
THE BRITISH LINEN BANK

MANAGERS
TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LTD

Bank-Units may be bought or sold at any time, free of commission and stamp duty, through any Stockbroker or Bank. The estimated initial yield is 4 per cent. Price of Bank-Units, 18th January, 18s. 9d.

For full particulars apply for Trust of Bank Shares Booklet to any Stockbroker or Bank, or

TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LIMITED
30 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.3
Mansion House 5467

McN 1197/7

The company occupies an extraordinary position in the petrol trade. It has a capital of £475,000—£400,000 in £1 ordinary shares and £75,000 in 1s. deferred shares, the ordinary shares being entitled to a fixed 5 per cent. dividend and to 40 per cent. of the balance after paying 8 per cent. on the deferred. A bare majority of the ordinary shares is owned by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. The Company distributes Cleveland Guaranteed and Cleveland Discol motor spirit and it secures its petrol from the Standard Oil Group under a very favourable contract, the price payable varying with the market price of petrol in Great Britain. Cleveland Discol is a mixture of petrol and alcohol, the alcohol being obtained from the Distillers Company. Discol sells at the same price as No. 1 motor spirit but it costs the company much less because in respect of the alcohol it does not have to pay the petrol tax of 8d. per gallon. I believe that under a quota system, which the national petrol distributors voluntarily work, the Standard Oil Group have a fixed percentage of the petrol trade, so that the more Cleveland Discol the company sells the less Cleveland Guaranteed it can sell. The important question for shareholders is the attitude of the controlling group—the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey—to the minority group. Will the favourable petrol contract be renewed when it comes to an end some four or five years hence, or will the controlling group make an offer to buy out the minority group on attractive terms? The profits earned by the company have shown a remarkable expansion as this table shows :—

Year end 31st October.	1935.	1936.	1937.
Net profits	£159,379	£206,910	£543,726
Ord. Sh. % earned	24.8%	25.7%	61.4%
% paid	20%	32%	50%
Defd. Sh. % earned	142.1%	149.3%	435.4%
% paid	Nil	72%	344%
Carried forward	£36,921	£36,831	£22,557

At the present price of £6 the ordinary shares return a yield of £8 6s. 9d. per cent. and at 2-5/32 the deferred shares of 1s. yield £7 19s. 6d. per cent. These are attractive yields but the market is a narrow one, and I do not consider that the shares are suitable for the widow and orphan.

Company Meeting

MICHAEL NAIRN & GREENWICH

SIR MICHAEL NAIRN'S ADDRESS

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Presiding at the Sixteenth Annual General Meeting of Michael Nairn and Greenwich, Limited, held on Jan. 17 in London, Sir Michael Nairn, Bt., the chairman, said that the accounts bore clear evidence of another year of successful trading on the part of their associated companies. The net revenue receivable from investments, etc., amounted to £255,591, which compared with £281,739 for the previous year, and the directors were again able to recommend a final dividend of 7½ per cent. and a bonus of 2½ per cent., making a total distribution of 15 per cent. for the year.

The activities of their principal subsidiary, Michael Nairn and Company, Limited, had been fully sustained during the year and there was abundant evidence that it continued to participate in generous measure in the welcome revival in the trade of the country. During the past year that company had made steady progress with the installation of additional manufacturing units at Kirkcaldy. The Nairn company had in course of erection large new offices on a site overlooking the Firth of Forth.

Extensions and alterations were almost complete at their London offices and warehouse in Aldersgate Street, and alterations were in progress in their Manchester warehouse. With a view to giving their customers in the Midlands and the West Country a more rapid delivery service, and at the same time to promote closer contacts with their important trade connections in these territories, they had that day opened new offices and warehouses in Birmingham and Bristol.

There did not seem to him to be any sound reason for believing that a slump was soon to appear on the industrial horizon in this country, and he was glad to see that on a recent occasion the Prime Minister had given definite expression to that opinion. The directors of their various companies were not taking a gloomy view of the future, but, on the contrary, were directing their whole energies towards the development and steady expansion of trade in the various floor coverings for the manufacture of which they were responsible.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

MARTINS BANK

GREATLY IMPROVED RESULTS

The one hundred and seventh annual general meeting of shareholders of Martins Bank Limited was held at the Bank's Head Office, Liverpool, on January 18. Sir Richard D. Holt, Bart., LL.D., Chairman, who is suffering from eye strain, was prevented from attending. His place in the chair was taken by Lord Colwyn, P.C., D.L., LL.D., one of the deputy chairmen, who read Sir Richard's speech as follows: Increasing business has led to an increase of £83,578 in our profit, which is £853,566. To this must be added £296,048 brought in from last year. We have, therefore, £1,149,614 available for distribution. In July a dividend of 7 per cent. was paid, and we propose to repeat that for the December half-year, making 14 per cent. for the year. This will require £582,406.

The Bank's centenary took place in 1931 at a time of unexampled depression, and payment of a centenary bonus was postponed to a more suitable time. We now propose to pay a centenary bonus of 2 per cent., which will cost £83,201. We have also declared a centenary bonus of 5 per cent. upon all salaries and pensions, including those to widows, and also a bonus to all wage-earners. £75,000 has been added to Premises Redemption, £100,000 to Pensions Fund, and we carry forward £309,007. Published Reserve has been increased to £3,500,000 by a transfer of £200,000 from our Investment Reserve.

You will notice the Bank's liquid position. Cash in hand and at the Bank of England represents 10.6 per cent. of our liabilities to the public, while our total cash items are 22.7 per cent. of those liabilities. Investments stand at £31,223,000, some £1,590,000 less than twelve months ago. Bank premises and rentable properties show an increase of £50,000 at £2,646,000.

Larger Deposits and Advances

The movement in foreign trade is indicated in the item of Acceptances, endorsements, etc., which at £9,818,000 exceeds last year's figure by £1,967,000. Deposits are at the high-water mark of £95,508,000.

Advances amount to £42,420,000. Last year we recorded the very large increase of almost £12,000,000 in this item; expansion then indicated developed, and the net increase to-day is £1,143,000. The advances are widely spread, 86 per cent. of the total number being for amounts of £1,000 or less. It is interesting to know in which industries increases have taken place. Food provides the largest, indicating the greater spending power of the people and the betterment of conditions. This is followed by textiles—cotton, wool and silk all participating—another pointer to improving circumstances. Engineering, shipbuilding and iron and steel, together with agriculture, building, and general produce, have all been factors in the increase.

Home Trade: Cause for Satisfaction

The result of our year's operations is satisfactory, but we discern signs warning us against over-confidence. We notice hesitancy in trade, but I deprecate untimely references to impending depression. In this country there should be little justification for pessimism, when we observe the results of the majority of trading concerns and the spending power of the wage-earners.

If there are ways of passing from prosperity to quieter times less violently than hitherto let us adopt them, if we can do so without interfering with fundamental principles, but the essential requisite is a wider world collaboration than we possess at present. There is no reason to suppose that in this country the position is not closely watched and that wise steps are not being taken to deal with economic problems. We have proof of this in our national position to-day.

A survey of the country's basic industries provides cause for satisfaction. The cotton trade had a more successful year than for some time, and further recovery may be expected. Despite difficulties, there is no reason why the progress of the coal trade should not continue. A busy year in the iron and steel industry witnessed a record output of steel ingots of thirteen million tons, and this year the capacity to produce finished steel will be greatly increased.

Shipping had an excellent year, particularly in the cargo-carrying class, and following that improvement shipbuilding has been active. As wheat supplies are not excessive the trading position is satisfactory, while conditions in some sections of agriculture have improved and prospects are good. The woollen industry enjoyed activity for the greater part of the year, and the immediate outlook is favourable.

Hope for Export Revival

Sufficient has been said to indicate that our home trade is still satisfactory. I stress the point that we should aim at fostering a wider world collaboration. Recently we have seen a step forward in the approach to trade collaboration with America, and if it leads to better understanding between the two countries immense good should accrue. With extension of such agreements, followed by the freer flow of world trade, our Lancashire cotton industry, so dependent upon exports, should, for example, benefit materially. Let us hope that the coming agreement with America will be the beginning of a new era.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.